VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1912. NO. 12.

TO MY CLUB-RAISERS.

Friends, I hardly know how to express my thanks to you for the splendid work you have been doing for me. If I had a thousand arms, and every arm was a thousand miles long, I'd just like to hug every one of you. But I've only got two poor little arms, and they are kept so busy that I don't hardly get time to hug my old woomern.

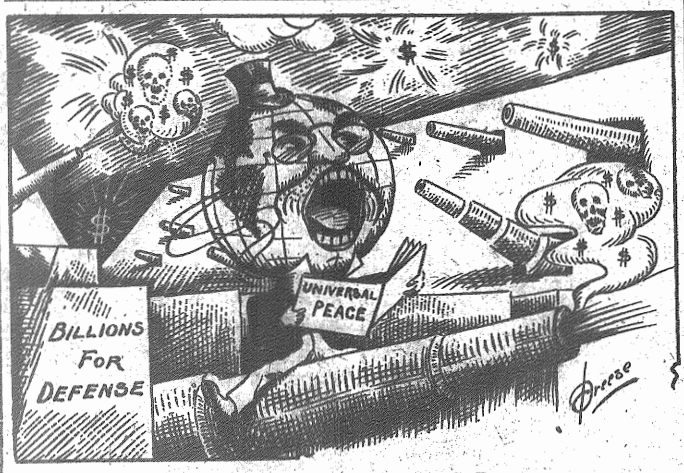
My appeal, in the December issue, for help to buy a new printing plant for The Fool-Killer was well received and the response has been very gratifying. The clubs have literally poured in from every nook and corner of the United States. Several club-raisers have sent three or four clubs a week right along. I have been trying to acknowledge the receipt of all clubs, but during December they came so fast that I got behind and couldn't catch up. Therefore a good many clubs were not acknowledged in the usual way. To those club-senders who did not receive my card of thanks, let me say here that I appreciate your kindness more than mere words can express.

The total subscription receipts for December, 1911, amounted to $269.40. That was not quite as much as I was hoping for, but it did pretty well. That amount will go a good piece toward paying for the new press, but you know there are some running expenses that must come out of it. And there must be a gasoline engine to run the new press, also a paper-cutter and some more type. So you see we are not quite out of the tight place yet. I called for $500.00 in December, and got a little over half of it. This time I will not name any certain amount, but please send just all you possibly can. I will use it for the equipment and improvement of the paper. Comrades, you know The Fool-Killer is your paper as well as mine, and after awhile, when it covers the nation even as rags cover the poor, you will be glad that you gave me a helping hand in time of need. Therefore continue the good work which you have so bravely begun. Don't rest and don't let anybody else rest until every grown man in your neighborhood is a subscriber to The Fool-Killer. If ever the common people needed to do some independent thinking it is now, and The Fool-Killer will give them something to think about.

Now go it, good boys! Just "shell the woods" with Fool-Killers and don't let a man escape. Let the clubs pour in here like four men a-measuring apples, and if I don't keep 'em awake you can have my head for a maul.

How I Got Left.

When I was a little chap, just growing up, I was about as poor and seedy looking as they made 'em. Ain't much better yet, so far as looks go. One Christmas our Sunday School was going to have a big "tree." I went with the boys to cut the tree, and I helped to lug the darn thing two miles and put it up. And if I got as much as one stick of striped candy you may shoot me. I was "poor trash," and it would disgrace the Sunday School to give me anything. I notice that the same rules are observed to-day. When the Christmas presents are distributed, the rich kid (who don't need anything) gets a whole armfull, while the poor kid just has to stand there and slobber his lower lip full and then drink it.



Drawn especially for The Fool-Killer by Lawson C. Dreese.

MISTER WORLD ENJOYING HIMSELF.

Oh, here's our old friend, Mr. World, a-straddle of a gun;
He loves that little music-book—but murder is such fun!
While songs of "Universal Peace" are falling from his lips,
His navy-yards are busy building bigger battleships.

A cannon for a tuning-fork to get the proper pitch,
And death for all the under dogs and money for the rich;
A lot of silly twaddle in an Arbitration Court,
And then another "Dreadnaught" and another frowning fort.

A missionary crusade to the lands beyond the tides,
And guns to shoot religion into their old stubborn hides!
The World's a bloody hypocrite and sings a drotted lie:
The chorus of its Song of Peace is, "Keep your powder dry!"

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

CHRISTMAS BEGGARS.

There have been more "beggars" in this neck of the woods during the recent holidays than Carter had oats. I never have learned for certain how many oats Carter had, but it must have been a monstrous pile of 'em.

I am not much popular around here, and the women and girls don't usually smile at me unless they want something. So when I see a big holiday smile coming towards me with a woman or girl clipity-clip right after it, I always know what's coming next. Here it is:

"Oh, Mr. Pearson, I'm SO glad to see you! We are getting up money to buy the children a Christmas treat. Won't you please give something?"

And with that smile hanging over me like a hatchet over a turkey's neck, what can I do? Not a darn thing but cough up. And to make it still worse, I don't hardly get over the first shock till I see another smile coming with a girl in its arms, and the same performance has to be enacted over again. And again and again, till I get sick and tired of it all.

What next? Why, bless your granny's rheumatism, they go ahead and buy candy and dolls and other junk, and maybe fix up a Christmas tree. Then if you will listen to the names as they are called out, every dadgasted one will belong to well-to-do families who are a heap more able to buy things than I am. The poor little ragged waifs who live in cabins and who don't have nice clothes to wear—they never get a smell of the Christmas goodies. And yet God knows if anybody needs a little bit of Christmas cheer, they are the ones.

But our good Sunday School Christians are afraid it might sorter contaminate their eminent respectability if they should stoop down and touch hands with the poor and needy.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

The Snail Supper.

The good ladies of our village recently pulled off a snail supper—oh, excuse me, an oyster supper—for the benefit of the church. About a dozen of them spent two weeks getting it up, and the receipts amounted to about $10. If they had all shouldered a grubbing hoe and a case knife and spent that much time skinning sassafras bark they would have made a heap more money, and it would have been more credit to the church. But then they could not have worn their best rags and tee-hee'd with the village dudes, you know.

It's a puzzle to me why church people will resort to such devilish devices to raise money for the church. And why in the thunder is it that people who have money to give to church work can't give it direct, just as well as to beat around the bush and poke it in under the back door? A mind-reader who could look into such people's hearts would read something like this:

"Lord, I hate like the mischief to let You have this nickel, but I want some of that soup SO bad!"

Now when I have a dime or a quarter to give to God, I don't ask Him to swap me a saucer of snails for it.

Because that fellow McNamara blew up the Los Angeles Times building and killed about 25 men, he is very properly branded as a murderer. But the machinery owned and controlled by the "big interests" kills more men than that every day in the year, and we hear nothing said about it. Had you thought of that, mister?

Two bodies coming together is generally called a collision—but sometimes they call it twins.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

FRIENDS AND COMRADES:—I came very near not being able to send you a Fool-Killer at all this month, and, after all, the best I can do is to send you two pages—just one-half of the regular size. As stated in the December issue, I have been having all kinds of trouble about getting my printing done. I will explain right here just what I have had to contend with. Since my circulation outgrew the capacity of my little job press (which was about 18 months ago) I have been doing my press-work in the office of The Yellow Jacket, another paper published here. The Yellow Jacket is a very bitter and unreasonable Republican sheet edited by R. Don Laws. I made a contract with Laws for the use of his machinery to print my paper, as I was not then able to buy an outfit of my own. Things went very smoothly for a few months, and then because I dared to express opinions contrary to Laws's hide-bound Republican creed, he began to get his back up and has been trying to sour on me for nearly a year. I have been knowing for quite awhile that the final break between us was bound to come before long. Well, it has come, and that's enough said. It is no longer possible for me to print The Fool-Killer in Laws's office.

I have closed a deal for a large and rapid press of my own, but it will be a month or two the very best I can do before I can get the new press here and set up ready for business. In the meantime the only thing I can do is to fall back on my little job press and hammer off some sort of an issue to tell you how matters stand. I can't possibly make it the regular size this time, as it would take me nearly two months to print one issue. So I'll just send this along and get busy about the new press. The press I have bought is a C. B. Cottrell & Sons' Monarch Drum Cylinder Press, manufactured in New York City. It weighs nearly 8,000 pounds and will print four pages of a five-column paper at one impression. I already have a good office building of my own, and when I get my new press installed, with power to run it and a few other little items, then The Fool-Killer will be at home. I can then handle the circulation till it reaches 60,000 or 75,000.

Now, boys, this outfit is costing me a big pile of money, and I haven't enough to pay it all. The paper is my only dependence, and you folks must send in the clubs and help me raise the money. Read that article on first page headed "To My Club-Raisers," and then do your very best. I am banking on you. Let's show the infernal plutes that they can't run over The Fool-Killer. I will do just the best I can about the February number, and then the March number will be printed on the new press, regular size, and hot enough to curl your hair. Let me hear from every one of you with a great big bunch of subscribers. See club rates below.

Yours for the "under dog,"

J. L. PEARSON.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

I would rather be a poor blind nigger and have to sell shoestrings for a living than to be a pot-gutted parody on God's masterpiece and have only charred embers where my conscience ought to be.

Read the above "Special Notice!" to all of your friends and take their subscriptions. That new press must be paid for at once, and there is only one way to do it—everybody get busy and send in clubs. Hurrah, comrades!

A Sketch [illegible]

There is a certain kind of unearthly screeching that they call "fashionable singing." Ever hear any of it? If not, you've missed a treat. Just go into most any city church on Sunday morning and they'll give you a sample of it. Here's how you will know when it's a-coming: You'll see somebody go to the piano or pipe organ and begin to claw over the keys like a puppy digging for a ground-mouse. Then you'll see a young lady march out onto the stage with her arms full of sheet music and her face set like the time-lock on a national bank vault. She stops and gazes over the audience as solemnly as a convict in the electric chair. Then she unfolds her music and begins to pucker her mouth till it looks like the blossom end of a swivelled cucumber. Everybody holds their breath. Something awful is about to happen.

Suddenly the young lady's mouth opens like the nose end of a tobacco sack, and you hear a noise that sounds like pulling a yard of Bologna sausage through a tin horn. Her eyes seem to bore through the ceiling like two left-handed gimlets and her throat works like a frog swallowing a June-bug. Her voice seems to have been made in joints and put together with brass rings, and it rattles against her Adam's apple like dragging a log-chain over a bridge.

The audience leans forward and drinks it in like a young catbird eating a worm. Of course nobody understands a word of the song, and if they did the song would be a failure. It would not be "fashionable singing." The only thing required of you is to sit there like a chicken with the gapes and drink it in. Let it run in at both ears and ooze out through the pores of your soul.

The singer stops to get her breath and to wait for the audience to catch up. The organist hits the instrument in the face a few times like a nigger woman a-beating out peas, and then they sail in again. Lickity-split they go, up and down the scale, like two hound dogs after a rabbit, and all the while the expression on the singer's face looks like a mixture of cramp colic, death agony, a toothache and a sneeze.

Once in awhile the jointed melody comes in such volumes that it almost jars the shingles loose, and then it fades away till it sounds like where the little end of a cat-fight tapers off to nothing.

And when it is all over, you go home feeling like somebody had run a wood rasp over your sore tooth. But it is the Fashion, you know, and Fashion is a great old gal.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1912. NO. 1.

And a Package of Seeds.

And this, dear fools, is the time of the year
That the seed catalogues begin to appear,
Full of all kinds of pictures an artist can draw,
In all sorts of colors that ever you saw.

The women folks, and the men folks, too,
Just read them catalogues through and through;
They soon make out their various needs,
And off goes an order for a package of seeds.

The seedsman—drot his "seedy" soul—
He gets that order and smiles a smile,
And wraps up a bunch that really appears
To have lain around there for a dozen years.

Then calls a nigger and tells that coon
To get that bundle off pretty soon;
And the mail man cusses and says, "Confound!"
Because he must lug them seeds around.

Old Congressman Paunch is a pretty good man—
He sends us some seeds whenever he can;
But the funniest thing—the stingy scamp
Just puts on his name instead of a stamp.

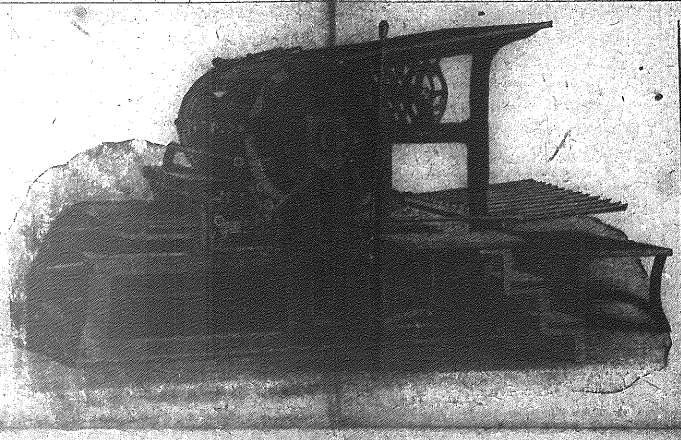
He gets up there on old Capitol Hill
And makes a big speech on the tariff bill,
And he thinks that all the farmer needs
Is a tariff speech and a package of seeds.

Down on the farm they're hustling around,
Fixing their little half-acre of ground,
And the grubworms in the manure pile
Don't get no rest for a right smart while.

O goose-neck hoe! O bull-tongue plow!
You've rested enough—you're needed now!
Come, break them clods and drag them weeds,
For we're going to plant a package of seeds.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Some of the financial prophets say money is going to be close this year. I hope to goodness it will. Maybe it will get close enough for me to grab some of it.



The Fool-Killer's New Press.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!

All right, boys! Here I am once more. It has been a long, tedious and tiresome wait, and a great many difficulties to overcome, but I have at last come out more than conqueror. I am giving you herewith a picture of the new press which you helped me to buy. It is now set up here in my office and is running nicely. This issue of The Fool-Killer is being printed on it. I tried to hire an issue printed in February, but couldn't get it done, so I just had to wait till the new press was ready to run. That was the only chance, and there was so many delays that I got awful tired of waiting. And of course you all got impatient about it, too, and I don't blame you. But now the machinery is all in running order and I hope there will not be any more delays.

Boys, let me thank you again for the great interest you have shown in the success of The Fool-Killer. You responded like good fellows when I called on you for help to buy this new printing outfit. Without your help I could not have bought it. And now that we have worked together this far, let us continue to work together. I shall devote my entire time to writing, printing and sending out The Fool-Killer, and I hope to be favored with your continued appreciation and support. If you have had faith in me while I was battling with difficulties and everything looked dark and gloomy, surely you can rally around my standard now—in my hour of victory!

In using the word "victory" I don't mean to say that all the victories are won. I only mean that I have overcome some of my personal difficulties and am ready to go on with the fight.

The press pictured above is a massive piece of machinery. It weighs over 7,000 pounds, and the work of unloading it from the car, hauling it to my office and putting it up, was no play job, I can tell you. The name of the C. B. Cottrell & Sons Co., of New York, on a piece of printing machinery is all the guarantee it needs. They build only the best. This press of mine is their well-known Monarch Drum Cylinder Press. It is large enough to take all four pages of The Fool-Killer at one time, and will print about 1,500 complete papers per hour.

BOOZERS BEAT BOBTAIL.

We claim to have prohibition in North Carolina, but still, somehow, the thirsty ones manage to get their booze. In this connection let me say that I am a prohibitionist myself. I voted for the measure and would do so again. Its failure to prohibit all drunkenness is not so much the fault of the law—it is more the fault of the red-nosed hypocrites who refuse to enforce the law. Lots of the two-faced rascals who openly favor a prohibition law are secretly opposed to its enforcement. I have ten times more respect for the fellow who openly advocates likker than I do for the big-mouthed hypocrite who claims to be a prohibitionist—who talks it and votes it—and then sneaks off and fills his miserable old freckled hide with cheap likker when he thinks no one will find it out. The woods are full of such cattle, and many of them occupy high places in society, church and state. Such men make me tired. When they get away from home and reach a wet town they bust their gee string getting into the back door of the first saloon they can find and soak their hypocritical old paunches with tan-yard likker until they are so drunk they couldn't hit the floor with a handful of buckshot in three throws.

NO PAPER FOR FEBRUARY.

On account of not getting my new machinery installed and running in time, I was unable to get out the February issue of The Fool-Killer. If you have been wondering why you didn't get a February paper, this will explain it. All subscriptions will be advanced another month. I've got my own printing plant now, and I don't intend to miss any more issues. Now let the clubs roll in!

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Hello there, folkses!

Did you plum give me out?

Well, I'm back on the job.

What do you think of my press?

Now let's get down to business again.

What everybody knows is sometimes a blamed lie.

Faith can hold the sack, but it takes work to fill it.

Life is made up of what we haven't done and what we are going to do.

Every time a man invents a new excuse he infringes on some other fellow's patent.

A gang of sheep wouldn't elect a wolf to rule over them. Have you got as much sense as a sheep?

Say, mister, it takes money to grease this literary mill. Can't you grease it a little?

All family skeletons are not kept in a closet. Some of them go in bathing at the seashore.

Some church members put on a lot of fine clothes to hide the religion that they haven't got.

When the devil wants something done that he is ashamed to do himself, he turns the job over to a hypocrite.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear-squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

When you hear a fellow bragging about how brave he is, and how he would cut and shoot, he usually means that he would cut home and shoot under the bed.

Yes honey! In this country we make people paupers by law, and then punish them by law for being paupers. I tell you we are the last button on consistency's coat, anyhow.

You take a young girl about fifteen years old—she cries and cries for long dresses. And when she gets them she goes around holding them up. Girls are awful funny things.

It isn't such a great thing, after all, for a man to say he never had an enemy. You could write that over a cabbage head. It would be appropriate in an essay on mush or a dissertation on fried eggs. If you never did anything to make anybody mad at you, you may be a very good dummy, but you are not much of a man.

PRECEDENT vs. PROGRESS.

One of the hang-dedest, dog-bitedest, nonsensical, unreasonable words that Noah Webster ever trotted to sleep on his manly knee and put to bed between the covers of his diction book, is that little scoundrel they spell this way:

"P-r-e-c-e-d-e-n-t."

I shall now take that word for my text and preach you a little sermon. You know the accepted meaning of the word. Or if you don't you'd better dig into your Webster and find out.

Miss Precedent is the accomplished daughter of Mr. Precede, and the grand-daughter of old Uncle Go-Before. She is supposed to be a pattern—an example—something to go by. The idea is that you must not do anything unless somebody else has done the same thing, or something just like it, before.

It is enough to tickle a wooden Indian to see some great jack-leg statesman bounce up on a cracker box, cram his handkerchief in his breeches and mop his face with his shirt-tail, and then chew up a square mile of perfectly good atmosphere trying to find a "precedent" for this, that and the other.

Why, ding it, mister, what if old Adam had waited to find a "precedent" before he started to raising babies — where do you reckon you would have been at to-day? If everybody must have a pattern to go by, who in the Tom Thunder will make the patterns?

Go back to the very beginning—before man had accomplished anything. It looks to me like some daredevil of a fellow had to hit out for himself—take a leap in the dark—and do something. He couldn't have had any pattern to go by, either. Somebody, some time, and somewhere, had to make the first "precedent" or the blamed thing never would have been made. And if that somebody had a right to do it, why haven't you and I the same right?

But still we are slaves to precedent. Here we sit like a pack of blamed idiots, afraid to risk our own judgment.

Back in the dim past a crowd of our ancestors got together and hewed out a plan of government. They made it just as perfect as they could, of course, and it was all right for that day and time. But one generation of people can't look ahead and know what future generations will need.

To say that this government reached perfection in its infancy, and that no further improvements are possible, is the same as to say that the new-born babe is wiser than [illegible]

It is the [illegible] school-boy's first [illegible] is better and more perfect than the masterpieces of Shakespeare.

I reverence and respect our forefathers as much as anybody. They were brave, honest and patriotic old souls. But they didn't know it all. We don't accept them as our authority in modes of travel. They had the stage-coach; we have the automobile and the Pullman car. We have improved their method of sending news. They started a runner on horseback; we send it over a wire or an ether wave. They would have burnt a man at the stake if he had talked about flying; but we can fly.

Shucks, it would take a week to name all the things common to us that our forefathers knew nothing about. Just suppose we had accepted them as our final authority on science and invention, and had hung every man who tried to improve something. The year 1912 would have been found sucking the hind tit of 1776, with the lice of ignorance a foot thick all over it.

Now, then. Just think a minute. If the good old men of those early days had such a limited knowledge of our material progress, and of what our industrial needs would be, how on earth did it happen that they were so all-wise in matters of government? How could they know just exactly what form of government would suit us best here in this Twentieth Century?

Here we are, a nation of living people, hemmed in and fenced about with the thoughts and theories of dead men, and with an ingrowing belief that we haven't the right to change anything.

Fiddlesticks! Why didn't our Revolutionary ancestors build a big insane asylum to put us all in if they thought we wouldn't have sense enough to take care of ourselves?

They mixed up a jug of politics and left it in the closet, with instructions for us to take a dose of it every so often. Well, we've been taking it like good babies, but now the blamed stuff has soured and stinks worse than the very devil. I'm in favor of pouring out the whole rotten mess, scalding the jug, and trying something else awhile. What do you think about it, mister?

You can't always judge a thing by its name. For instance, if Samson's Ma had named him Tom Thumb he would still have been a giant, and like the modern politician, would have batted out his enemies with the jaw-bone of a jackass.

Rip Van People Waking Up.

The people are patient critters, and for long centuries they have borne their burdens in silence, but to-day they are awaking from the sleep of ages and asking for their own. Socialism is the wail of the oppressed, and it is becoming an universal wail. Whether the masters like to hear it or not, they must face the music. and all the devils in hell can't head it off. I say this, not as a Socialist, but as an independent and unprejudiced looker-on. Something like the spirit of the French Revolution is abroad in the earth, only this time the weapon is the ballot instead of the bullet. The old slave-and-master system has had a long and bloody reign, but its throne is beginning to totter. The horny hand of toil is reaching for the money-bag. The producer and rightful owner of all wealth is asking the robber to give him back enough to live on. Is that an unreasonable request? I think not.

The Fool-Killer's Dictionary.

(With no apologies to Webster.)

Abdication—An act whereby a sovereign attests his sense of the high temperature of the throne.

Adherent—A follower who has not yet obtained all that he expects to get.

Alliance—In the International politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other's pockets that they cannot separately plunder a third.

Ambition— An overmastering desire to be villified by enemies while living and made ridiculous by friends when dead.

Anoint—To grease a king or other great functionary already sufficiently slippery.

April fool—The March fool with another month added to his folly.

Bore—A person who talks when you want him to listen.

Commerce—A kind off transaction in which A plunders from B the goods of C, and for compensation B picks the pocket of D of money belonging to E.

Conservative—A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

Education—That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

Erudition—Dust shaken out of a book into an empty skull.

Hospitality—The virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.

Ignoramus—A person who is unacquainted with certain kinds of knowlegde familiar to yourself, and having certain other kinds that you know nothing about.

In Clubs of [illegible]

The price of single subscription [illegible] but if you will get several of your [illegible] club of five or more at one time [illegible] year. The Fool-Killer is creating [illegible] duced, and it now goes into every [illegible] club-raisers. Do it now. Address [illegible]

THE FOOL-KILLER, [illegible]

AMERICA'S [illegible]

A Boy's Essay on Ducks.

The duck is a low, heavy set bird composed mostly of meat, bill and feathers. His head sets on one end and he stands on the other.

There is no between to his toes and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gear that they come very near missing his body.

Some ducks when they get big they are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, just loaf, go swimming and eat.

If I was to be a duck I'd rather be a drake every time.

One young man, in sending his subscription to The Fool-Killer wants to know if I can send him some photos of some nice young ladies who would correspond with him. Awful sorry, my dear Remeo, but I haven't any Juliet for you. I am not running a matrimonial bureau.

Of all the men who stand any chance this trip, Theodore is my choice. He is just Socialist enough to suit me. Hurrah for Teddy!

[illegible]

A [illegible] Canada, [illegible] and other foreign countries at the regular club rate of 15 cents a year. I am very sorry, but it will be impossible for me to accept foreign subs at that rate hereafter, as it takes 12 cents a year to pay postage on papers that go outside of Uncle Sam's territory. So the very best I can do on foreign subs is 25 cents a year, singly or in clubs. But in the United States and possessions the old rate stands good—15 cts. a year in clubs of five or more. I will accept a million at that rate. Send 'em along quick!

Can you use some samples?

And It's the Truth that Hurts.

Wow! Just listen what a racket among the red-handed meat dealers! In the packing house investigation it has been proven by the books that meat sold by the packers to retailers at from 6 to 8 cents per pound has been sold to the public at from 14 to 22 cents per pound. The packers say that the retailers have been robbing the public, and the retailers say the packers are liars. I am too polite to [illegible] the statement of either party [illegible]

[illegible]

TEDDY

President [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

VALE VENUS!

A few days ago there came to me through the mail a bundle of circulars advertising books and things. A miserable joint calling itself "The Mail Order Book Concern" wanted to sell me a book on the subject of "Women" written by a buck named Sloppyhowler, or something like that. Get a good grip on your nerves and hold your breath while I quote you a few lines from the circular about that great and wonderful book:

"This volume shows the natural born falsehood and deception in all women, and in women's love. It tears to tatters the hoary old legend that women are either beautiful in form or angelic in mind. All young men should read the book before they are trapped into lifelong servitude to some narrow-souled, long-haired vampire with laughing eyes, a pink-and-white complexion, and the ways of a snake."

Lord have mer——no, I'll just declare I won't ask the Lord to nasty His hands with such a low-lived, scoundrelly son-of-a-gun as the author of the above slander. The infernal imp who would write such a book is nothing but a two legged human devil with horns on his soul and a little chunk of hell where his heart ought to be. And the conscienceless cuss who advertises and sells it is no better. They both ought to be tied head downwards to the hind leg of a kicking mule and turned loose in a hornet's nest.

The poor, miserable, measley mongrel who daddied that awful slander on womanhood is not fit to associate with a decent dog. He is so low down in the scale of civilization that old Satan will have to use a windlass and a million miles of rope to get him up into the basement of hell.

I'll bet my t'other breeches against a copy of his book that old Sloppyhowler and his publisher are both old dried-up bachelors, so thunderation mean and ugly that no woman would stay in a mile of them.

It beats bobtail that women are not beautiful in form. Maybe some women are not, but I'll bet a dollar the ugliest female shape in forty states would look like a flower-pot by the side of these mis-begotten masculine mutts. And if you could stand with them on the street corner and watch their fishy eyes devour the outlines of a Princess dress you would think they saw something pretty.

The average man knows that woman is not quite perfect, and he admits that he don't understand her very well; but with all her failings she is the best thing in sight, and man likes for her to make a fool of him.

Speaking of love, it is a well-known fact that in most cases woman's love is truer than man's. It clings to some mighty unworthy objects sometimes, but still it has some respect for itself. Of course it has never got low enough to touch these brawling blatherskites, and I guess that's what they are yow-yowing about.

A SERMON ON SEEDS.

I spent several evenings trying to write an article on government seeds, but found it frivolous and puttering—the seeds are so small and hard to hold. Unless one is specially equipped for it, it is like picking beads out of auger-holes with boxing-gloves.

The wild orgie of shovelling and franking clogs the legislative halls with mail-sacks, and the congressional tongue is so sore from licking envelope-flaps that nobody can raise a voice against the trusts. The dust is so thick in the capitol dome that visitors can't see the mural decorations, and the noise of bean-hulling compels the president to dictate his message in the cellar.

The congressman franks out seeds right and left. People unschooled in agriculture plant them in a tin pan in the chicken-yard or under a stove-lid in the wash-house in the hope of taking the prize at the county fair in the fall. Politicians who have no place to sow them but a waste-basket swear because they are not cloves as they toast them over the saloon gas-jet for breath-killers. Calla-lily bulbs and pomegranate-seed and watercress go to persons who want hard winter wheat and German socks and ear-muffs.

Thousands of packets knock around post-offices till worn out because of the disappointing facts that the donee is dead or gone down the line with a construction crew to pound rivets into a railroad bridge eighty miles from a garden and won't be back till winter sets in.

Many seeds spend the best years of their life in a mail-order house, and when they get to the country, they lie in the ground and sulk for weeks and finally disappear—after it's too late to plant anything else.

In our mind's eye we see our noble congressman squatted in the nation's warehouse counting out our seeds with loving care while his coat-skirts dally in the dust. He seems like one of us as he mashes the cut-worm on his sock and throws the corn-cob at a prowling rat. His silk hat—that we so love to see on rally day—is laid aside, and when he spits in it abstractedly, we feel like shaking hands with him. There is smut upon his nose as he blows away the chaff and hunts the weevil from his lair and nibbles at the corn to test the sprout. The small black booger knocked from the early pea and the mummied cricket-leg flicked from the wheat—all have a charm for us. He is almost human as he drops in the extra watermelon-seed for the chairman of the doubtful precinct and sheds the tear of pity over friends who have been planted like the evanescent seed and are not liable to come up. It will be hard to efface this picture from the rural mind. These are the noble things which inhere in congressional seeds. This is real statesmanship!

A Kick at the Kickers.

I have recently received a number of orphan letters written by industrious idiots who were in such a hurry to let me know what a blankety-blank fool I was that they couldn't take time to sign their names.

So I take this means of thanking them for their kindness and assuring them that their fatherless counsel weighs fully as much in this shop as a gnat on a bull's horn or a seed tick on a freight train. I am running this shebang according to my own notion, and those who feel like writing me anonymous letters about it might just as well lie down on their bellies and whisper into a crawfish hole.

I have also received a few kicks and criticisms from men with honor and backbone enough to sign their names. Most of these deserve attention, and I will try to give them a dose of it, either in The Fool-Killer or by personal letter, just as soon as possible. I can't reply to everything in the paper—there isn't room enough—and just now I am too busy to write many letters. And so those who have presented their fleshy foundations for me to kick will just have to be patient.

Another reason why old Solomon had a thousand wives was because he was awful rich, and the poor women needed a home.

Little Bobbie had swallowed a dime. His aunt and grandma went into hysterics, and screamed for somebody to run for the doctor. "No, don't send for the doctor, but the preacher," said Bobbie. "I heard my pa say that the preacher could get money out of folks when everybody else failed!"

[illegible] THE

BY G. H. LOCKWOOD.

Now I have about as much love for a lawyer as I have for a polecat—they are both all right till they get to doing business. In every case that comes up, one side is bound to be wrong—and frequently now-a-days both sides are wrong. But a lawyer will fight as valiantly for the wrong as for the right. It is a part of his training. He does what he is paid to do, regardless of such trivial things as honesty, ethics or justice. If his client is guilty, he tells him to plead "Not Guilty," and then he squirms and twists and schemes and prevaricates to prove that a man is not guilty when he absolutely KNOWS that he IS GUILTY.

After a few years of this sort of business he usually becomes lost to all sense of ethical discrimination, like a man who lives near a glue factory and loses his sense of smell.

There may be occasionally, here and there, a lawyer who will accept only the cases where he is convinced that his client is right, but they are very scarce—about as scarce as hen's teeth.

No one but an idiot, or some one connected with the law-making and law-breaking machinery, will have the audacity to maintain that "cases at the bar" are settled on a basis of Right and Wrong. Though this is always a pretext, it is just another part of the sham.

"Cases at the bar" are settled in accordance with LAW—hence the business of the lawyer—and LAW is a matter of court decisions, and precedents, and previous rulings, and interpretations, and chicanery, and trickery, and—most anything but JUSTICE.

Even the jury system is a farce. Sometimes months are spent in finding twelve men who DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. And after they have been found they have no right to use what little knowledge they do possess. For, mind you, the jury is not to decide the case on its merits, or on their own judgment of the right and wrong in the matter, but on the LAW—as instructed by the Judge.

In spite of the fact that neither the lawyers nor the judges understand the LAW; in spite of the fact that it is a great fabrication of contradictions and cunningly woven net of deceit, still it is a very exact science. There is no guess-work about it—it is just a question of who has the PRICE to pay for it.

And still the people sleep!

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1912. NO. 2.

SPRING.

The Easter hats have blossomed,
Spring dresses have come in,
And the crop of politicians
Is big enough to thin.

Old cow has gone to shedding,
Calf's old enough to wean,
And over on the mountain side
The trees are getting green.

The folks are planting 'taters
And tommy-toes and peas,
And the smell of fertilizer
Is wafted on the breeze.

"Spring fever" is sure to get you,
But when you don't feel right,
A pint of home-made bitters
Will mend you up a sight.

I dread the cold in winter,
In summer I dread the heat,
But dog my cats, beloved,
If spring ain't hard to beat.

—Pack it on Pearson.

GREAT IS THE STEEL TRUST!

Now then, by granny! I guess we've got it straight from headquarters. Just a few sundowns ago all the bloated Big Ikes of the steel trust got together and held a lengthy confab, going over the situation from A to Izzard. They boasted of being the real rulers of the world, and made their brags that no nation on earth could have war, peace, hookworm, tummyache, or anything else, without the consent and co-operation of the steel trust.

And it's the awful burning truth, if a gang of red-handed rascals did tell it. The Carnegie gang, the Morgan gang, the Rockefeller gang, and all the other big money interests are banded together and stick to one another like a tar plaster to a fat man's belly. What kind of a show can the rest of us have against a combination like that?

War makes a market for steel, gunpowder, and other trust-made articles, and gets some of the poor trash out of the way. So when Mr. Plute wants a little war in Mexico he just presses a button and the war is on. Same thing in Italy, China and elsewhere. Back of every war you read about lurks the sneaking hand of organized wealth, and for every ounce of lead the poor devil gets, the rich devil gets his pound of gold. How passing strange that men will be such fools!

Bear in mind that the steel trust gang have boasted that they could forever put a stop to war if they wanted to—by refusing to finance the game. Nobody disputes it. But the trouble is, they don't want to stop it, any more than the old saloon-keeper wants to close up his den of vice. When kerosene puts out fire and the devil gets religion, then maybe the millionaires will want war to cease. Not before.

Little old Andy Carnegie is a steel king—one of the biggest in the bunch. He winds up his little Waterbury mouth and talks about universal peace till you can't rest. But Andy is just a-lyin' him some. He don't want universal peace half as bad as he makes out like. If he did he could order it with his breakfast some morning and have it delivered before he got his breeches on.

TRY THIS ONE.

I am printing below the national hymn of Siam, in the original Siamese language. I could very easily translate it into English, but I will let you have the fun of doing that. If you get as much fun out of it as I did it will be well worth the effort. To get the full force of it, you had better go into a room and lock yourself up, and then sing these lines to the tune of "America:"

O wha tan nas Siam!
Gee wha tan nas Siam!
O wha tan nass!
Wha ta foo las Siam!
Sucha dar nas Siam!
Osucha nas Siam!
Osucha nass!

"BACKER."

The use of tobacco is acknowledged by almost everybody, even those who use it, to be a useless and filthy practice. It is certainly a very unrefined habit, and is usually associated in our thoughts with whiskey bottles, big red noses, foul speech and profanity. You tobacco-loving Christians, just stop a minute and try to imagine how Jesus would have looked with a pipe, a cigar or a quid of tobacco in His mouth. What would be our opinion of Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, if he had written to Timothy to be sure and bring him a box of R. J. Reynolds's best plug tobacco and several bags of Duke's Mixture when he brought his cloak and books from the house of Carpus? (2 Tim. 4:13.)

Expensive? Goodness, yes. And a person who spends his money for tobacco is squandering his means on a depraved appetite. Just let him get out of "backer" for half a day and he is as cross and snappy as a blind adder in dog days. The only thing that will satisfy him is "backer," and he will have it in spite of thunder, even if his wife and kids go half naked and hungry.

And then snuff-dipping! Whew! I reckon in is actually a sin the way I hate that low-down, filthy habit. Every time I see a woman or girl with a handspike rammed away back in her jaw and a stream of dark brown slobber dripping down from each corner of her mouth, I almost have to choke myself with both hands to keep from spewing. Oh, that snuff-dippers could realize how nasty and repulsive it looks, and how it murders beauty, outrages decency and lowers the standard of civilization!

I don't love Taft nor Underwood,
And who else in the thunder would?
For Underwood loves the cigarette,
And Taft, he loves the niggerette.

GET UP A CLUB, MISTER!

A great many editors offer premiums to club-raisers, but I have put the price of the Fool-Killer so low that I can't give premiums. The premium business is a rather "Cheap John" sort of a game, anyway, and I prefer to put the paper down as low as possible and let it stand on its own merits. I have been going it that way for over a year and it has been a success, and I see no reason for making a change.

My regular club rate gives everybody a reduction of ten cents (giving them the paper at fifteen cents a year), if as many as five will club together.

Now, friends, just for the fun of the thing, show this copy to a dozen or two of your friends and ask them to subscribe. Get in a crowd of fellows who like something funny and read them a few pieces from The Fool-Killer, and I'll bet at least half of them will say, "I want that paper for a year." Every blessed one of my present subscribers can get up a club of five or more if they will just half try.

Please do me this little favor, friends. It won't cost you a cent, and it will mean a whole heap to me. I thank you in advance, and shall expect to hear from every one of you with a great long list of subscribers.

Yours to skin 'em alive,
J. L. PEARSON.

THE NEW HEAD.

Say, mister! How do you like The Fool-Killer's new Easter bonnet? Looks purty snipshus, don't it? I had to do something for an April-Fool trick, and this was the only thing I could think of. Look at the Old Man with the Big Stick and see what you will get if you don't be good. If he can't get you any other way he will saw your head off with his nose. Now will you be good?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner, friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Well, I got here again.

Spring poets are in full bloom.

Skin or get skinned—that's the only chance these days.

Work is Faith with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up.

You have heard of April-Fools, but this is the April Fool-Killer.

A man's will power is helpless when it butts up against a woman's won't power.

A good deal of the stuff that passes for human nature is just pure cussedness.

If you are willing to help circulate some other man's lie, you are no better than a liar yourself.

Some people begin at the bottom and work up. Others begin at the top and don't work at all.

Go out and see whether the hills are there yet before you conclude that the word of God has failed.

The fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread has sometimes been known to walk off with the prize.

Mosquitoes, peddlers, fleas, politics and the itch are disagreeable things, but no doubt they were put here for a purpose.

Poodle dogs should not wear gold collars studded with diamonds, as long as millions of children are ragged and hungry.

The difference between the man who tells a lie and the one who acts a lie is that the former is not so infernally low-down as the latter.

The man who thinks more of his pet religious belief than he does of his duty to his fellow man is not worth his weight in ordinary compost as a citizen.

Tell your Pap and send word to your Uncle Hank that the May issue of The Fool-Killer will be a devil-catcher from several miles up the creek.

Until a thing is done, men call you crazy if you think it can be done. And after you have done it, they wonder why it was never done before.

If it was to rain corn likker some day, it would be one more sight to see the old red-nosed rascals standing around with their mouths open like a gang of young cat-birds.

Andy Carnegie has built himself 23,000 monuments, and in order to make people read his name over the door he has had the monuments filled with books. Sure thing, old Andy aims to be remembered.

The biggest fool in all the catalog is a fellow who tamely submits to being systematically robbed day by day by the big corporations, and then fights and votes for the industrial hydras who are doing him to death.

The world enjoys making fun of the "dreamers" as it calls them. But did you ever stop to think that only the dreamers have made this world what it is today? Dreamers are thinkers, and thinking is the power that does things. Did you ever think any, mister?

A subscriber in Alabama writes me as follows: "Dear Mr. Editor: What is your opinion about the hen—does she sit, or does she set?" Aw, shut up! I don't bother about such things as that. What concerns me when she cackles is, has she laid or has she lied?

A "conservative" is a sort of crack-brained cuss who will run like the devil from a good thing if it happens to be new, but will lock arms and hug up with any old rotten, sin-soaked humbug if it wears beard long enough to hobble a mule in.

I don't know any big sight about the "recall" of judges and other high officials, but it strikes me sorter perpendicular sideways that if I hire a man to do a piece of work for me and he don't do it to suit me, I ought to have a right to turn off. Ain't that right? Huh?

I never see a woman of intellect but what I recall the fact that our schools and colleges are turning out every year about ten female graduates to one male, and yet the advocates of woman slavery say that those who wear petticoats have not the mental capacity to participate in matters governmental.

I sometimes have a little money to put in the bank. If I put it in the savings department I get 4 per cent interest and no security. If I put it in the checking department I get no interest and no security. But if I run short and want to borrow a few dollars at the bank for a month or two, I have to give 10 per cent interest, paid in advance, and a doubled-and-twisted mortgage on everything I've got. That's the kind of infernal, one-sided highway robbery that the money trust dishes out to the poor man.

[illegible]

Some of my readers are wanting to know how many subscribers The Fool-Killer has. All right, boys, I am neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you the plain, unvarnished truth about it, as near as I can. It will be impossible to give you the *exact* figures, as a great many names have been added since the list was counted. But I can safely say that it is not less than 12,000. There is a great demand for sample copies—lots of people calling for them in bundles of 100 or more—and to be sure of having enough to supply all calls, I am printing 15,000 copies this issue. Most editors figure three readers to each copy printed, and at that ratio The Fool-Killer now has 45,000 readers. And a perfect stream of clubs is pouring in all the time. The further it goes the faster it grows, and it now looks like it might reach 35,000 or 40,000 by next Christmas.

With my new printing equipment, which I installed last month, I can handle a circulation of 75,000 easy enough. So fall in line, boys, and help me cover the earth with Fool-Killers.

Some little one-hoss editors like to pretend that they have three or four times as many subscribers as they really have, but I am not built that way. I believe in telling the truth, and my books are open for anybody to examine. I don't need to lie about my circulation, as the actual truth makes a pretty good showing when you consider where it started from. Two years ago I had nothing, and was in debt for that. With no money, and no way of making any, I was strictly "up against it" if ever a man was. In a fit of desperation I started The Fool-Killer, not knowing whether it would lead to success or starvation. For some unaccountable reason the drotted thing seemed to have the guts of life in it right from the start. The very audacity of the thing seemed to effect the public sorter like hitting a man in the belly with a baseball, and they thought, by jinkity, they had better subscribe and see what in the devil I was up to.

And so it came to pass that The Fool-Killer was a howling success right from the jump-go. The income from it has afforded me and my widow a fairly decent living, besides enabling me to buy several hundred dollars worth of printing machinery and fit up an office for making Fool-Killers right.

And that's what one little country greenhorn has accomplished in two years out here in the woods, five miles from a railroad. If you and your friends, neighbors, kinfolk and acquaintances want to see what kind of fool shines I cut from now on you had better all subscribe right quick. See club-rates on third page of this issue.

A SERMON ON GOOD ROADS.

Maybe the road question ain't none of my business. Then, by granny, I'll just flinder away and talk about it anyhow. Strikes me that every feller who can ride, walk, hop or crawl ought to take some interest in the road question. You don't have to own a thousand dollar gasoline chug-wagon with a voice like many thunders and an odor like a tan-yard in order to be interested in good roads.

If you are the principal stockholder in a yoke of bull calves and a five dollar wagon loaded with three cull crossties and mired up to the top bolster in a mud-hole, you ought to cut your bulls loose and ride one of them into town, waving your last year's hat and yelling hurrah for good roads! And even if you possess nothing in this world but your mammy's match-hosses and have to go as bare-footed as a shoemaker's wife, there ain't no use to slop around in the sour mud and get 10,000 John Rocky hookworms to boring gimlet holes in your whitleather heels and climbing up inside of your legs like an army of Taft Democrats going to hog-heaven.

If I was a bare-footed nigger and had to make my living by running foot-races with a one-eyed muley steer, hanged if I wouldn't want good roads to run on. Dirt is a good thing if it is good clean dirt and rich enough to grow 'taters and things. But, oh! deliver me from mud! I have always hated the stuff, and some of my experiences this winter have made me hate it wusser'n ever. I live five miles from the railroad, and during all this bad winter there has been just one mud-hole between here and the depot. But the blamed thing reached all the way. A four-horse team goes straining through the mud with about half as much as a week-old calf could pull on good roads, while the fool driver wades along at one side and whips and cusses. If he had a good macadam or sand-clay road he could take one of his mules and haul four times more than they all pull, and do it with four times the ease and satisfaction. The average wagoner could make more clear money in one day than he now makes in a month. But the poor idiot never thinks about that. If you mention a tax for building good roads, he will put up a pitiful mouth and say, "Oh, our taxes are so heavy already, we just couldn't stand a road tax!" And then he will larrup his bone-piles and tug on through the mud, thinking he has put up a good argument. He don't realize that he is losing enough every day to pay his part of the tax for a year. Poor fool!

Now, gentlemen, I ain't worth much, and the only vehicle that depends on me for axle-grease is a sway-backed wheelbarrow, but I am willing and anxious to go my part on good roads any day.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A KANSAS CUR.

The last cyclone that passed over Kansas dropped something at Great Bend and never went back to get it. Didn't even have manners enough to cover it up.

And so the thing got up and introduced itself to the people of Great Bend as W. H. Kerr. They all agreed that he was a Cur, all right enough, even if he didn't know how to spell his own name.

Then one night this measley Cur broke into a printing office, ate 200 pounds of type and drank a bucket of ink, and gave birth to a book, which he called "Cur's Great Discoveries."

Now when it comes to "discovering" things, this Kansas Cur is a whole team. Why, Columbus, De Soto, Cook, Peary, Amundsen and all the rest of 'em couldn't hold him a light. Now to give you an idea what Cur has "discovered," just let me pull the stopper out of his bottle of blasphemy and give you a smell:

"This little Educator is distributed by the Church of Humanity to introduce to all people Cur's Great Discoveries in Nature that the universe contains no real God, that man contains no soul, and that life is ended forever in each person at death. That all Gods, Saviours, Souls, Saints, Devils, Spirits, Angels, Heaven, Hell, etc., are purely mythical, having no real existence whatever in Nature."

Suffering Moses! Howling tomcats! And the ghosts of all the sainted prophets! But don't that just about blow the packing out of your think-box? The idea of one poor little measley, ignorant, conceited runt of a two-legged jackass trying to set his little nothingness up against the Creator of the universe and the wisdom of all the ages! It does beat bobtail. Yet every little while some bow-legged bantam will rise up in the face of reason and common sense, in the face of God and all His army of witnesses, and announce that he has "discovered" that God does not exist. It is utterly useless to try to reason with such crazy creatures. All we can do is to be sorry for them. They are like the little minnow that asked the whale where the ocean was, and the fool thing was in ocean all the time.

"RING RULE."

The day of ring rule in governmental affairs is right now kicking the bucket in its last death agony. Ever since I was old enough to distinguish between a lighted lamp and a brush heap afire I have observed that a little clique of political nimcompoops have been running everything from my own precinct up to the government of the United States. But it appears that the day of the "ring rulers" is wellnigh spent, and that the whole people are about to be given a front seat in the band wagon. Just a very short time ago the newfangled doctrine of the "initiative, referendum and recall" gagged the Republicans and Democrats to the puking point, but now listen at 'em proclaiming it from the stump and incorporating it in their platforms. Mr. Socialist, if you don't look out, the two old parties will soon have all your thunder and lightning, and you will be left with nothing but a red flag to hold. Just so sure as the people, the masses, get a full say-so in the way our government should be administered, you may look for more dead political "tit-swingers" than Carter had oats. And that's what's going to happen. You may as well try to dam the current of the mighty Mississippi as to keep the infernal "ring-rule" rascals from getting the drubbing that has been due them for, lo! these many years.

In the free-for-all fight with legalized grand rascality, old lady Justice has got one whole side of her face knocked off and don't look like herself any more.

I would as soon try to chase a hound pup away from a slaughter pen as to try to keep one of those old bench-legged booze-busters from likker.

THE SPRING FEVER.

Yes, I have it, but it is not the kind that makes me want to lie and sleep in the sun, but that variety that puts springs in my heels and joy in my heart.

In my imagination I am a plow-boy again, and as I turn the sweet odored earth and listen to the birds trilling all around me, my soul is very glad.

No wonder poets have ever painted their paradise as being one eternal spring, and artists caught the spirit of the green hills and blooming vales of springtime with their brushes and transferred them to canvas! It is the season of the year that typifies life in all its glory. It is the time that the youthful John likes to go with his Mary Jane down to the bank of the purling brook and get his palpitating breast in tune with his surroundings so that he can pour out his inward longings to his sweetheart. It is the time when the picnic party goes forth to dine on stale crackers, cold rooster-leg and red ants.

The first issue of The Fool-Killer, a little over two years ago, was carried to the postoffice in a 25-pound flour sack, and the sack was not half full. This present issue will require about fifty of Uncle Sam's big mail sacks to carry it. Growing? Well, just a teeny-weeny bit.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTHERN FARMS.

If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau, Box 118, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L. Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer.)

THE LIFE OF NAOMI WISE

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c.

E. P. NEWSUM & CO., DEPT. 65, KING, N. C.

THE BAYONET

The paper that prints what it thinks, and is not afraid to think as it pleases. It is sharp at both ends and sticky in the middle. It catches 'em on both sides and in the middle too. An electric shock in every line for fools, thieves and rascals. 25c a year. 6 months 15c. FLETCHER O. BAXLEY, Chief Point-Grinder, Clanton, Alabama.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

I went a-hunting, and this is what I caught; now I turn them over to you to skin and salt. Only objection to The Fool-Killer is, it don't come often enough. Long may it live to administer the medicine, for they need it.—P. S. JOHNSON, Lott, Tex.

Since you have got a new printing press I have decided to get up a club for you. Please send me some sample copies of The Fool-Killer. I like it very much—my only objection is, it is too small and does not come often enough. J. T. CLARK, Saint Charles, S. C.

Please send me about 50 or 75 sample copies of The Fool-Killer, or more. I will distribute every one you send me. I am an agent and go from house to house, and will leave one at every place. I think your paper is great, and want to get you some subs. J. N. GUNTER. Box 116, Hackett, Ark.

I have just finished reading your March issue of The Fool-Killer, and think it worth while for one to read. I am one of your old subscribers, and and am now getting up a club for you. Please accept my thanks and appreciation for what your paper is doing for the benefit of all.—M. G. BARRICK, Johnson, W. Va.

Enclosed find money order for $3.75 for 25 subs to The Fool-Killer. When I sent for a sample copy and was so long getting it I thought it was not worth sending out samples. But I have found what the delay was. I was only going to send five at first, but everybody wanted it and I got the 25 in about forty minutes.—H. J. PIDGEON, 3185 Maplewood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Please send me your paper one year. I enclose 25 cents in payment for same. My sister who lives in Western Massachusetts, where I was born, sent me several copies. That is how I got hold of it. I am glad there are a few people who dare to speak out and tell what they think. If this world needs anything it needs people who cannot be bought or sold with the Almighty Dollar.—L. WHEELER, Fairhope, Ala.

Please find enclosed $1.05 for seven new subs to The Fool-Killer. Every time I would come from my mail-box my little 13-year-old girl would say, "Papa, did you get The Fool-Killer?" The answer would be no, until she said, "Papa, the Fool-Killer man won't send your paper." But I replied, "I am not uneasy; he is an honest man, and poor like we are. He is either sick or has had bad luck." I am for the under dog every time, and when you get on your feet and have some sample copies to spare, let me hear from you. Good wishes for you and your cause.—GEORGE STEWART, SR., Forestville, Ky. (Many thanks, Bro. Stewart, for your confidence in me. I received many complaints and inquiries while I was "hung up," which shows that the people want The Fool-Killer, and that they miss it when it fails to arrive. But now I am "on my feet" and going again. The new machinery works fine and I can print all the Fool-Killers you want. Always glad to hear from you and my thousands of other faithful friends. Let everybody join in and help to cover the earth with Fool-Killers.—Editor.)

THE TELEPHONE.

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

The telephone is an unassuming sort of a pie-faced machine manufactured to save walking and promote profanity. Almost any one can talk into a telephone, and once in a while people can hear through them. Some people think a telephone is deaf, and they always yell their conversation in a tone of voice that sounds like driving hogs. Other people stick their faces inside the mouth-piece and slobber while they talk. This doesn't damage the telephone to any great extent, unless the talker is chewing plug cut. In that case the juice runs down into the thorox of the machine and rusts the golixemeter.

Telephones are operated by means of girls who chew gum in a place called central. The girls look like ordinary girls but they are saints in disguise. They have to be, to hold their jobs. They do not have to chew gum, but it is necessary to bite something and 10-penny nails damage their false teeth. Sometimes these girls become cross and talk sassy.

Once, a traveling man who was stopping in Spartanburg called long distance and asked what it would cost to talk to Laurens. The girl told him thirty cents, and he kicked.

"Why," he remonstrated, "when I was in Greenville I could talk to hell for fifteen cents."

"I know," replied Central, "but that was inside the city limits."

The girl got a raise.

The man who invented the telephone was an anarchist. He spent five years trying to think up some low-down, devilish trick to play on humanity, and finally decided on the telephone. No effort was ever made to lynch him, but he lives in constant terror.

A desk telephone is more popular with business men than a wall phone. A desk phone can be slammed down on the floor and kicked across the house when it is stubborn, but a wall phone cannot be jarred into docility without the aid of an axe. After a desk phone has been kicked into the middle of next week it will usually sit quietly for hours with out emitting a sputter.

Sometimes it is advisable to apply a mustard plaster to the phone just where the farmohardren joins the nenfordrix. This draws out the tobacco spit and grippe germs and gives the thing a clear flute-like tone. Occasionally, in very stubborn cases, it is best to massage the battery box with a hoe handle.

The only man who ever lived who could talk over a phone without cussing about it was Job—and he never had a chance.

There are no telephones in heaven.

THE OLD WAY.

Here, you fossilized aggregation of stagnation, otherwise enemies of progress, listen to me a minute! Did you know that the world is moving serenely forward and leaving you with an empty bag to hold? It is you fellows who are crying down social betterment and political advancement. With your mouths in a twist you say, "Stick to the old way, the true and the tried." But your argument is not worth three whoops in Helgoland. If your policy had been followed through the centuries we would right now be living in caves, eating raw meat and wearing a heavy coating of sunburn for clothing.

I have the uttermost respect for the thoughts, precepts, teachings and memories of our forefathers, but I do not believe that they knew everything knowable. I don't believe they fixed things so wisely and unerringly that we, their descendants, need do nothing but worship at their tombs and weep sluices of tears, hugging to our bosoms the delusion that it would be absolute blasphemy for us to question anything that they did, or to even presume that we can improve upon their crude ideas and methods. It makes me very tired to have to listen to the gabbling of you old mossbacks who are continually clamoring for the "old way." Why, bless your souls, if the rising generation were to heed your advice we would discard all of the inventions of the last thousand years and go back to plowing with crooked sticks and doing a hundred other fool, clumsy things like that.

In an era of peace, we are having war on sight. The big Powers are taking the little ones by the throat and shaking the coin out of their pockets. France after Morocco, Italy after Tripoli, Russia after Persia—all for what? For commercial advantage, for filthy lucre. Any pretext will do. It is the strong against the weak. Meanwhile, the halls of The Hague Palace of Peace are emptied and the doors closed. But there is a God in Israel.

Send in that club right quick!

I could plant a collar-button and a wart and raise a better president than some of the candidates that are out sawing the air with their old squeaky jaw-bones.

A [illegible] to [illegible]

Some folks cuss me for being a Socialist, and others cuss me for not being one, and so there you have it. But it don't make any difference what they call me. I want it understood that I do my own thinking and I don't take orders from anybody. I am in full sympathy with the downtrodden masses, and with any movement that honestly strives to better their condition. The modern business world is nothing but a huge skin game, and the average politician cares for nothing except to get his own infernal snout in the trough. Take away the element of personal gain and see if you don't hear a mighty loud silence in the political arena. And that's why I say that the big pot-gutted "leaders" in business and politics are nearly all grand rascals and hypocrites. But the fact that I see these things and speak of them is no reason for calling me a Socialist. The truth is, I will skin a Socialist just as quick as I will any other kind of a person if I think he needs it—and lots of them certainly do need it, all right.

Can you use some samples?

MORE "SPRING" DOPE.

The Fool-Killer hastens to take off its 17-jewelled rabbit-fur bonnet and make its manners to the gentle Queen of Spring as she comes toddling down the pike with her arms full of violets, peach blossoms, home-made bitters and plowed ground.

Behold the farmer as he getteth up before day and falleth over two chairs hunting for his breeches. Then he goeth to the barn to feed, and again he stumbleth over a new plow-stock and sticketh his head into a bag of fertilizer.

Verily, this is the hustling season down on the farm. He that expects to have plenty of hoe-cake and something to sop it in next winter must pointedly get up and sift.

And the garden should not be neglected. Every family ought to raise its own cut-worms and potato bugs. Some people have an idea that potato bugs are hard to raise, but that is a mistake. I have raised them for a number of years and I never fail to have a good crop. It is necessary, of course, to plant some Irish potatoes. You can't expect potato bugs to live and fatten on rag-weeds.

Now, boys, as a parting word I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. The Fool-Killer will get better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1912. NO. 3.

DELIVER US!

Whoop-de-glory! Gosh-
What a fix!
Think of nothing but
politics?
Absorbing topic thruout
United States,
Can't hear it thunder for
the crowd candidates.

Here comes the procession comes
Jolly Paunchus Bill
Out of Mister Possum and
roarin' like a mill;
Wagons full of grafting and
hard full of gall,
Jest like a barrel and a nog-
gin' like a maul.

Behind the heels of Taffy comes
the mighty hunter, Ted,
Now we feel the earth a-shaking with
the power of his tread.
Oh, the gleaming of his glasses, and
the terror of his teeth,
When consigning his opponent to the
regions down beneath!

Mister Taft and Mister Teddy—they
are both a-runnin' some,
And the language they're a-swappin'
well, I call it pretty bum!
"Damnit!" was the way it started—
sorter moderate like that—
But it kept on gittin' wusser till it's
awful ugly chat.

HOSSES, COWS AND OTHER FOLKS.

"If your horse or your cow has a contagious disease you can get a scientist to visit your farm and cure the animal and take the necessary precaution against the spread of the disease."—James Hay, in Woman's World.

Yes, yes! Of course the horses and the cows must be doctored and cared for. A man can sell his horse or his cow—they represent dollars. Uncle Sam is devilish accommodating to shoulder his medicine-pouch and go in a gallop when Jim Jones's old cow gets the holler tail, or when Bill Smith's 40-year-old plug of a hoss is trying to bid farewell to this vain world of sore backs, muddy roads and hoss-swappers.

Uncle Sam can well afford to do that, because the blue-john fountain and the harness-rack both have a market value. They represent dollars. It would be an awful crime, you know, to let anything die and get out of its misery that might be patched up and worked off on some ignorant Rube for a few circular pieces of tin.

But with human beings it's different. If Jim Jones's wife or Bill Smith's baby gets sick, there is no government specialist to drop everything and go running three lopes at a jump to give free medical attention. Why? Because the wife and the baby are just mere humans. They have no market value. If they die there is nothing lost. Only a few hearts broken, a home bereaved, an empty chair at a fireside, and a longing for a voice that is stilled. Uncle Sam is a busy old cuss and has no time or money to waste over such little trifles as that. His time and attention are fully occupied with weightier matters, such as pulling an old mule's tooth to cure old age, and boring a cow's horn for the holler tail.

Alas, that hosses and cows should be so dear, and human beings so cheap!

Why Don't He Get a Patent On Himself?

Al Fairbrother bellies up to his typewriter and hammers out an editorial for "Everything" in which he gives Roosevelt the very devil and rubs it in—calls him liar, traitor, fraud, humbug, demagogue, crazy, dishonest, and every other ugly name in the list. And then Al puts in a new sheet of paper and writes an editorial for a Republican sheet in which he sings the praises of Ted till the rafters rattle. Al's mind seems to be sorter like one of these-here darned combination cookstoves and ice-cream-freezers—it's a sort of adjustable affair.

Read this paper to your friends.

A BIG FAT LIE.

The Appeal to Reason, the great Socialist paper, of Girard, Kansas, has long been a thorn in the flesh of Big Business and the measley minions of Mammon who black Big Business's boots.

Our plutocratic Postoffice Department, working hand in hand with the capitalistic courts and the money trust, has resorted to every means that a gang of irresponsible government tit-swingers could think of to put The Appeal out of business. Time and again the editors have been indicted on trumped-up charges, and this very minute, as I write these lines, they are being tried before Judge Pollock at Fort Scott, Kansas, for the terrible crime of telling the truth.

But the meanest and low-downest trick that has been played in all this miserable game was the infernal lie sent out by the Associated Press or some other devil-directed newsmonger to the effect that The Appeal to Reason had decided to quit—to voluntarily abandon the field and give up the ghost. The report claimed to originate at Girard, Kansas, and contained an alleged interview with Fred Warren, editor of The Appeal, in which Warren is said to have used this language:

"It is too hard work—the task of keeping it going. This is my last fight. The present contest with the federal court and the postoffice department over the Leavenworth prison scandal is the 'Swan Song' of the 'little old Appeal.'"

And that contemptible lie, fathered by Hate and mothered by Fear, was sent broadcast over the country and printed in all the plute papers on the same date. It created a dickens of a hand-clapping spree among the mummified moguls of exalted rascality, but their joy was short-lived. The next issue of The Appeal came out in flaming red letters and branded the whole story a lie blacker than the hinges of hell, and served notice on the sweet-stinking society of eminent thugs that it was still after their scalps—that it was never more alive and had no intention of quitting.

And The Appeal got busy and printed a great special edition of three million copies and fired them out to head off the fleet-footed lie, and to pay its red-hot respects to certain judicial buzzards that roost on the federal bench. When the nigger porter saw the mountain of mail sacks at the depot filled with that special edition and being loaded onto the mail train, he was moved to exclaim: "For de Lawd's sake, am dis what dey calls de Appeal's 'spenshun?"

Let it be understood that The Fool-Killer and The Appeal to Reason disagree on a great many things, while agreeing perfectly on others. I am not a straight-out Socialist in the accepted sense of the word, but I understand and sympathize with the movement and want to see it have fair play. This capitalistic government is prejudiced against the Socialist press, and it allows its prejudice to run away with its reason. If an editor can't be allowed to tell the truth and express his honest opinions without being jerked into court over it, why in the devil don't we cut out that old gag about this being a free country?

But old pussel-gutted Plutocracy's methods of fighting The Appeal to Reason is just like all its other methods—low-down, sneaking, underhanded schemes, lying and misrepresentation. It does not dare to fight in the open. It hides behind a mountain of dollars and squirts its nasty poisonous venom over everything that tries to be honest and decent. Say, plutes, you cowardly, scurvy, dollar-decorated devil, don't you ashamed of yourselves?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Why don't they pass a law abolishing icebergs?

The preacher says the love of money is the root of all evil. And then he passes the hat.

I was determined not to mention Rockefeller's name in this issue. Well, I'll swear! There it is at last.

The "jelly wabble" dance is the latest. They say it looks like a bale of cotton trying to hug a fodder-stack.

You might as well try to pull an auger-hole out of a log as to undertake keeping the drotted millionaire grafters out of the Senate.

Old Ike Stephenson paid twice as much for his seat in the Senate as his salary will amount to in six years. Do you smell anything?

Is Mr. Bruce Ismay a woman or a child? His name appears among the list of "women and children" saved from the sinking Titanic.

Washing the black off of a nigger would be an easy job compared with cleaning up them twin polecats of the Senate—Lorimer and Stephenson.

An exchange says: "The devil will be to pay at the Chicago convention." Oh, surely not! It will be a pretty out if the devil can't trust his own children.

A pretty girl with both of her perambulators squeezed into one leg of a dude's breeches! If this hobble business keeps on, the girls will have to learn to hop like snow-birds.

Are you a Redemopublicrat, or a Demopublicratican, or a Publidemremocrat, or a Canodemrelican, or a Redempubolican, or a Demity—Dimity—dog-bite-it-all—what are you, anyhow?

Rotten mule-belly flavored with mortified dog-ham is all right—so says the jury. Thus ends the famous sham battle against the meat trust. Now pass your plate and have some more canned hoss.

I am due my correspondents an explanation of my failure to answer many letters that should have been answered. I have so much of the mechanical work of the office to do that it is literally impossible for me to keep up with my correspondence. To new subscribers and club-senders let me say that the arrival of the paper will acknowledge the receipt of your remittance.

LIGHT UP, LADIES!

Dear ladies, with the winning smile,
And charms so rich and rare,
And have you learned the latest style
Of fixing up your hair?

The lords of fashion lately met
In old Chicago town—
Three thousand of the swellest set—
And laid the ruling down.

And now when you go out of nights,
You pretty fashion girls,
You've got to have electric lights
A-gleaming in your curls.

Go visit the electric man
And tell him what I've said,
And let him draw you up a plan
For wiring up your head.

A storage battery in your hat
For momentary use;
A switch hid somewhere in your rat
For turning on the juice.

The tiny globes, all neatly formed,
And then a man would swear
That all the lightning-bugs had swarmed
And settled in your hair.

By Ned! And won't that be the stuff?
I reckon, pretty soon,
The ladies will give light enough
Without the sun and moon.

THE FOOL-KILLER'S DICTIONARY.

(Without any apologies to Webster.)

ARMY—A body of ruffians authorized to commit wholesale murder.

AFTERWARD—A space of time in which something happens after something else has happened.

BREAD—A foodstuff which the rich give to some of the poor; a substitute for cake.

DEATH—To stop sinning suddenly; to resign one's membership in the Ananias Club.

FIRE—A mysterious element that creates insurance.

GENIUS—Any person whose birthday is celebrated throughout the world about one hundred years after he has been crucified, burned, or otherwise put to death.

HOME—A place where we go to change our clothes in order to go somewhere else.

HONESTY—A very odd quality that men of old times are said to have possessed; now entirely out-of-date and almost forgotten.

LEARN—To add to one's ignorance by extending the knowledge we have of the things we can never know.

TRUTH—A universal error; the relation between one illusion and another; something that a few will die for, but nobody live for.

Howdy, brethren and sisterin! How do you all come on this fine morning? It has been a whole long month since I pulled your latch-string and scraped my brogans on your doer-step, and I was getting awful anxious to see you again. I am your preacher, you know, and I'm plum doggon proud of my congregation. I am preaching to fifty thousand of you this month. Just think what a crowd that would be if you were all together. I have never seen your faces, and of course I never will, but we are friends just the same. I feel a personal interest in every one of you, and I want you to feel the same way toward me. I am doing my best to give you some jim-dandy good preaching. If you like the way I spoon out the hot truck, please invite all your friends to come to our meetin'. Pew rent is only fifteen cents a year if as many as five will come in together. We are going to have a regular revival this summer, and the mourner's bench will be crowded all the time. Every service will be worth a dollar. So please show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and invite them to our Fool-Killer meetin'. If they try to make excuses, just grab them by the coat-tail and bring 'em a-long anyhow.

WRITE WITH INK.

When sending in subscriptions, or writing to me on any subject, please write with pen and ink and be careful to make every word plain and distinct—especially names and postoffices. I get many letters written with lead pencil on the very cheapest paper, and they are often so dim and indistinct that I can hardly read them at all. Please don't do that. Use good paper and write carefully with ink.

One man wrote me recently stating that he had written me four or five times and had sent me three clubs, but nobody had received the paper and he had never heard a word from me. His letter of complaint was written with pencil. It was all plain enough except the postoffice, but I couldn't make that out until I looked it up in the Postal Guide. It proved to be Trumann, Ark. Then by refering to the subscription books I found that his clubs had been recorded at Freeman, Ark., instead of Trumann. The mistake was due to bad or careless writing, and wasn't my fault at all. We are very busy here, and it takes time to run to the Postal Guide every few minutes to look up something. My friends can save me a lot of work and themselves a lot of worry if they will write with ink on good paper and be careful to make every word plain and distinct. I am doing the best I can to keep everything straight.

COMING INTO HIS OWN.

I am glad to see that my old friend, Doctor Cook, is able to "come back." He has been cussed and abused long enough, and it is time the world was giving him a square deal. For my part, I never doubted his story. I always believed that Cook was the original discoverer of the North Pole, and it always made me fighting mad to hear the little bandy-legged Smart-Elecks calling him a fakir. When that gang of Copenhagen crazy-ikes refused to recognize his claims and denounced him as a fraud and a humbug, I felt like wading the ocean and tanning their silk jackets with a bull whip.

Doctor Cook's enemies have been tried to prove that he did not climb Mount McKinley, and how do they prove it? By the affidavit of a man named Barille. Now it seems that Barille for several years asserted over and over that he and Cook had climbed Mount McKinley. During that time he lied, and now says he lied. So his affidavit is the affidavit of a confessed liar. Hence we get back to the old country schoolhouse question of debate, namely: If a man lies and admits that he lies, is he telling the truth?

Next we get the affidavit of a man by the suggestive name of Loose, who swears that Cook hired him to get up a fake record of the North Pole discovery. Now if Loose was loose enough in his moral running-gear to be willing to lie for Cook for a cash consideration, and then was traitor enough to turn against Cook and expose the lie that he had been paid to tell, ain't it likely that his last tale is as big a lie as his first one? That's the way it rattles in my soap-gourd.

And so I am glad to see by the newspaper reports that the Doctor's recent trip through Germany, Denmark, and other learned corners of Europe, was the triumphal march of a conquering hero. The same people who yelled fakir two years ago now receive him with open arms.

That volley of double-dams that Peary let loose kinder rattled the people for a little while, but since they have had time to cool off and reason it out, there is but one answer to the question. If any mortal man has ever made tracks in the eternal snows of the North Pole, that man is Frederick A. Cook, M. D.

Lots of the Republican papers that started out by swallowing Taft and puking up Roosevelt, have done like the old sow that the Scripture tells about—they have returned to their vomit.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE WRATH OF GOD.

Call it an accident if you want to. Call it carelessness if you like. Call it anything you please, or just sit silent and think about it. Nothing you can think, say or do will minimize the awfulness of that hour when a great gilded palace, equipped with every luxury that wealth could imagine, went down to a watery grave with over sixteen hundred human beings on board.

The Titanic was the giant of the seas. It boasted of being the largest vessel afloat. And its untimely destruction will be remembered as the greatest calamity in the history of ocean travel.

Editors have written about it; preachers have preached about it; the Senate has "investigated" it; and the goods-box philosopher has worn an extra large hole in the seat of his pants trying to explain how it all happened.

But when all the racket is over—when all the excitement has subsided and the tears have dried—how much more do we know about it than we knew at first? Mighty little, if any. And if we knew ever so much, it couldn't bring back the lives that were lost.

But since everybody else has expressed an opinion, I might as well have my little say. I don't know just what the Wrath of God is like, but it must be something like that.

The Titanic was the latest effort of man's ambition to outdo itself and to master the untamed elements. The vessel was longer than three city blocks, and as high as a sky-scraper. It carried the population of a good-sized little city. Wealth and luxury were there, and all the sordid pastimes and dissipations of the rich were provided for. Saloons and dancing halls, pool rooms and card tables, private promenades and golf links, palm gardens and swimming pools—every fool thing to add weight and take up room, except life-boats. Long on luxuries and short on necessities—that was the way of it.

And there they went, dashing across the Atlantic at break-neck speed. On her first trip, the Titanic must make a new record and win the future patronage of the millionaires. Money, money, money, was at the bottom of it all.

When I discovered that J. P. Morgan owned a controlling interest in the White Star Line, a great light dawned on the situation. With Morgan in control, we could hardly have expected anything better. His heart is harder than the great diamonds that flash in the bosom of his biled shirt. He lives for one thing alone—money, and the pomp and power that money can buy. The Titanic was built and equipped for the express purpose of pandering to the insane cravings of the pampered millionaires. She was built so large and strong that her owners thought all the combined vengeance of Old Ocean could not injure her. She was absolutely unsinkable—so they said. The storms might rage; the waves might roll, and the icebergs drift mountain high. But the Titanic would ride over it all, the conquering Mistress of the Seas. That was what they thought. They figured it out that puny man and his bloody dollars had outdone the very God of Heaven.

But God will not be mocked, and man must be reminded from time to time that there are powers against which he cannot stand. It seemed a hard thing to do, but maybe that was the only way that even God could bring those money-mad mortals back to their natural senses. I don't know whether God put that iceberg there or not, but in some strange manner it was made to work out His terrible wrath.

They tried to bluff Death with a game of cards for awhile, but when every hope was gone they flung the cards aside and struck up "Nearer, My God, To Thee." It sometimes takes a thing like that to make men acknowledge that there is a God. But they always acknowledge it when the pinch comes. So what is the use for mortal men to feel so big?

If nature ever did make a mistake it must have been when she decreed that a poet must eat.

ALL IN VAIN.

I picked up a mail catalogue and looked in the toilet department, just to see what kinds of truck it does take to supply the demands of the female wimmen.

There were soaps, powders, puffs, perfumes, hair growers and hair removers, hair curlers and hair straighteners, creams, lotions and salves, grease, gag-gums and gol-dingets. And there was also truck to make lean people fat, and then some truck to make fat people lean.

And all that put me to thinking. Some of these things are useful and necessary, no doubt, but it was the hair business and the fat business that took my time.

Miss Primp has straight hair and wants it curly, while Miss Peggy has curly hair and wants it straight. Always crazy for something they ain't got, and just as soon as they get it they want to swap it for something else.

Miss Longshanks wants to be fat and chuffy, while Miss Bunty would give a war-pension to be tall, slim and graceful. And if they could both be transformed into what they want to be, they would immediately want to be changed back. Which proves that we are all a set of blamed idiots and don't know what we want.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BIG PISTOL

The Famous Rascal Killer of the age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15c a year. THE BIG PISTOL, Campton, Kentucky.

THE BAYONET

The paper that prints what it thinks, and is not afraid to think as it pleases. It is sharp at both ends and sticky in the middle. It catches 'em on both sides and in the middle too. An electric shock in every line for fools, thieves and rascals. 25c a year, 6 months 15c. FLETCHER O. BAXLEY, Chief Point-Grinder, Clanton, Alabama.

SOUTHERN FARMS.

If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau, Box 118, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L. Pearson, Editor Post-Herald.)

TAKE A DOSE, MISTER!

This is a Free Sample Package of My Patent Pain-Easer For Curious Comrades.

Winnsboro, La.,
May 3rd, 1912.

Editor Fool-Killer,

Dear Sir:—Just received the April issue of The Fool-Killer, and it is certainly a hard hitter. I like the manner in which you write, for you try to tell the whole truth, regardless of how the plutes like it. I trust your paper will continue to grow, and that you will be able to give us a still better paper from time to time.

Mr. Editor, I would like to know if you are a Socialist? If not, why not? Now you claim that "all rascals look alike" to you, and that you are a middle-of-the-roader, neither hot nor cold, but you can't make me believe that, for I know you lean one way or the other. Let me say you are on one side or the other, as you can't serve both sides at once and do justice to either. Now, Mr. Editor, you just as well tell us which side you are going to line up with, as the truth must come to light, and you say you tell the truth. I am a firm believer in nature's laws and nature's God, and on top of that I am a Socialist, because Socialism is right and all free-thinkers are generally Socialists. Socialism teaches nothing but justice and right—as applied to the needs of man—and it is the only redemption of the human race.

Now, Mr. Editor, you can skin me if you like—and if you can—but come straight and let the world know your whereabouts. It's the best policy in the end. Let me hear from you in the next issue of The Fool-Killer.

Yours for the killing of fools,
D. G. CHATHAM.

All right, Bro. Chatham, you have made a purty nice little speech. Now just cram your fist in your mouth to stop the flow of eloquence and let me talk some.

And so you would like to have your intellectual garret sorter fumigated with an idea as to whether I am a Socialist or not, eh? Well, Buddy, that depends altogether on what you understand a Socialist to be. I never knew before that a man had to "line up" with some particular "ism" in order to get on the right track. Every ism claims to be infallibly right, and if I took their word for it I would have to join all of them.

You say most all free-thinkers are Socialists, and that's one of the big reasons why I have never joined the party. I wouldn't want to be found dead in the woods with a gang of free-thinkers. Nobody claims the name of free-thinkers except that gang of smarties who deny their Creator and make fun of the Bible. A free-thinker is a nut that thinks he is free, but he isn't. He is just as creed-bound as any old Baptist or Methodist you ever saw. His creed is Unbelief, and he hangs to it like a puppy to a [illegible].

I am reminded over and over that Socialism has nothing to do with a man's religion, and yet I notice that almost without exception their biggest leaders are atheists, agnostics or infidels, and many of them absolutely deny the existence of any Supreme Power and brand religion as a myth and a fable. If it is not the business of Socialism to meddle with a man's religion, what in the devil does it keep on meddling for? If the atheist, agnostic and infidel are RIGHT, and there is no God and no heaven, the Christian is certianly as well off as the unbeliever, after death. If the atheist, agnostic and infidel are WRONG, and there IS a God and a heaven, they are bound to catch hell. Therefore, in either case, if I was an honest disbeliever I might secretly laugh at the Christian's belief, but I'll swear I'd keep my mouth shut for fear he might possibly be right and I might possibly be wrong.

So if a man has to be an atheist, an agnostic or infidel in order to be a Socialist, I wish to state most emphatically that I am NOT a Socialist and never expect to be.

But on the other hand, there are many things about Socialism that appeal strongly to my sense of justice and right. I have got sense enough to see, and honesty enough to admit, that our present social and political system has devilish near gone to seed. And I wouldn't give three cents a ton for the seed, either. The whole drotted lay-out is rotten, fly-blown, and full of the maggots of disintegration and decay. Any man with as much sense as a last year's fool can see it, and smell it, all over this land of the plute and the home of the wage slave. I am fully aware that both of the old parties are dominated and controlled by the money power. The needs of the poor man don't cut any ice with them. They are the rich man's Gold Dust Twins. I have studied over it all and wondered why the poor man didn't have a party of his own. And now here comes Socialism and claims to be the poor man's party. It comes in and offers to be a "Good Samaritan" to the down-trodden and oppressed at a time when all other parties are "passing by on the other side." I am not at all surprised that the common people are flocking to Socialism, and I can't find it in my heart to blame them. One of the strongest arguments in favor of Socialism is the fact that all the plutes and big devils oppose it. Quite naturally they will oppose anything that threatens to interfere with their skin-game.

I agree with the Socialists that our industrial society of today is organized according to the tooth-and-claw ethics of the jungle. The modern wage-slave, not by statute of law, but by the iron law of necessity, is as strictly a slave to-day as the old-time nigger ever was. And in thousands of cases he fares worse than the nigger did. I long to see these terrible conditions changed, so that the men, women and children who do the world's work—who produce all wealth—can at least get enough of what they produce to make life a joy instead of a struggle. Now if that sort of talk makes a man a Socialist, I take unbounded pride in declaring that I AM a Socialist now and forever, amen.

But remember this as you jog along: The Fool-Killer will not stand for any of your monkey business, such as atheism, free-love, and all that kind of infernal rot which has been so persistently taught by Marx, Bebel, and other great apostles of Socialism.

Comrades, I love you, but I don't love you well enough to swallow you with all that free-thought and free-love filth smeared over you. Take a bath! Clean up! Get rid of your tomfoolery, and devote all your time and energy to the things that need doing. God knows there is enough to keep you busy without butting into a man's religion and his private family affairs. Whenever you do that I'll talk to you about joining the party. What are you going to do about it?

INVOCATION.

I, J. L. Pearson, Chief Nabob and High Grand Mogul of The Fool-Killer joint, do desire, request and pray that all the honorable wise men who read these lines will dig downwardly into their weasel-skins, disconnecting, removing or abstracting therefrom the price of a year's subscription to this religious biblomag, for the good of their souls and the relief and joy of this editorial lay-out.

If you think it's an easy job to sit down and write a dozen columns of razor-blades every month, maybe you'd better try it a pull. It makes me sweat like a hired man to give birth to the literary feast which I am placing before you each month. Two or three of your old rusty dimes will make it easier. Fling 'em at me and get your money's worth.

Send along that club right plum quick. Club rates on third page.

[illegible] FOLKS.

I find it so simple to get up clubs for such a paper as The Fool-Killer. Will send in more clubs before long.—FRANK L. WALKER, Athens, Ga.

I am sending you another club of six. This is a good field to work in. I don't have anything to do only to show your paper and the subs come rolling in.—J. T. BARFIELD, Rentz, Ga.

Having seen a copy of your paper, I concluded to give you a little boost. Enclosed find money order for 75 cts. Send five papers to my address for the next year.—C. H. JONES, Burkett, Nebr.

Find enclosed money order for 90 cents. Send your paper one year to the enclosed names. Your paper is little but loud. One article in the March number—"Precedent vs. Progress" —is worth more than the sub price. —E. M. PEEPLES, Hasse, Texas.

I just came across a copy of your paper and would like to take it for a year. I am a blind man stopping at Lake Helen, Florida, but my home is in Kalamazoo. Begin subscription with the April number, as I go home next week.—JOHN C. SMITH, 524 Potter St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed you will find $1.65 for 11 subscribers to The Fool-Killer. I came across your pungent little sheet, and making just a little show of it I have gotten up this little list. Lots of us here like such Fool-Killers as yours, and in fact it is needed pretty much everywhere. Wishing you great success.—T. A WALLACE, Cedar Keys, Fla.

Yes, I had just about given you out, and was wondering how you could stop. Your paper is GREAT, and at your sub rate it is bound to cover the land. I helped George Hays, of Pembroke, to get up a club. I am sending you 25 cents for a back file of your paper as far back as you can supply it, and you can send samples if you like.—M. W. MOODY, Homeland, Fla.

Some one handed me the March Fool-Killer and I liked it very much. So I got busy to gather up some subs. Enclosed find seven that I secured in about half an hour, besides my own. We are all Socialists. That article headed "Rip Van People Waking Up" pleased us all, and if you will print more such "dope" we will help you make The Fool-Killer a success.—GEORGE GROTHAUS, Dayton, Ohio.

I thought this rainy morning I would show The Fool-Killer to some of my friends, and, to my surprise, nearly all to whom I showed it subscribed. Enclosed find check for $3.00 to pay for 20 subscriptions. Please send me some sample copies as soon as you can. And when does my subscription expire? I do not want to miss a copy.—J. R. N. BAUGH, Winston, Ga.

According to government statistics, the average worker produces $2,450 annually, but receives only $437. Where does the rest of it go? Now ain't that a pretty fool question? Where in the thunder could it go except into the pockets of somebody that didn't earn it?

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1912. NO. 4.

A MATRIMONIAL AD.

In advertising for a wife,
I take this simple plan,
Thinking that I will be in time
To reach the reading clan.

She must be six or seventeen,
A brunette or a blonde,
As sweet as water-lilies
That grow upon the pond.

Her height must not be under
Two cubits and a span;
Must have strong inclination
To love an honest man.

I want her to be handy
At cooking, and such things,
And wear a sweet, melodious voice
Like bull-frogs when she sings.

Milk, churn and wash the dishes,
Cook pies and biscuit bread;
Clean house up stairs and down,
And not kick much in bed.

She must patch my over-alls,
And make nice, neat stitches,
And above all, I emphasize,
She must not wear the breeches.

LONESOME BACHELOR.

AN HONORLESS CAUSE.

Yes, I know they call me an extremist on the likker question, but that don't cool me down nary bit. It's a doggon hard matter to be extreme when you are fighting likker, for it is the worst enemy to progress that any nation ever had to contend with.

I am teeth and toe-nails against likker, and I don't care three whoops in Hepsidam who knows it. It is an evil entirely uncalled-for, born in the hearts of wicked men and nourished on the blood of the innocent. It is sold for gain and drunk for the want of sense, and the man who sells it is guilty of murder.

No fair-minded man can justly defend the likker business with its record of shame and crime, and with absolutely nothing of worth to its credit.

POLITICAL FORNICATION.

These United Trusts of America are as full of Protestant preachers as a dog is of fleas, but when it came to selecting a gospel horn to toot holy grace over the opening of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, old Paunchus Bill had to pucker up his mouth like the nose end of a meal sack and recommend the appointment of an old bald-headed and pot-gutted Roman Catholic priest wearing a woman's nightgown for breeches and a two-story collar buttoned up the back.

Now what in the devil does that mean? Of course the drotted old convention needs praying for if prayer would do it any good, but I expect an application of hot water and soap would be more effective. But if they were just dead bent on having somebody to grab hold of heaven's whiskers and make the pray come, why must they snub all Protestant preachers and hand over the heavenly corkscrew to a darned old Catholic priest? Why show so infernal much partiality toward a diabolical bastard system that is busting its belly-band every day to take from us what few liberties we have left? That is the mission of Romanism in America today, and there is no use to deny it. Over yonder on his gilded throne of superstition and ignorance reigns the old Pope, and between grunts of gout and roars of rheumatism, he is sending out his orders for the capture of America. His purple-petticoated boot-lickers over here have openly boasted that they are nearly ready to take possession of this nation in the name of the Pope. And sarn-take my skin if they ain't just about got it already. They've got the Vice President, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a great number of Senators and Representatives, and just the same as got our present sorry excuse of a President. I know Fatty Bill denies being unduly partial to the Catholics, but actions speak a blamed sight louder than words. Old Fatty is fishing for the Catholic vote, and he knows that the old gouty pope can deliver it solid to whomsoever he chooses. That's why Fatty Bill prefers a Romish ram to bleat blasphemy over the blossom end of the National Rucus. It's a plain case of brazen adultery between Big Smile and the great ecclesiastical whore "that sitteth upon many waters" and "reigneth over the kings of the earth." (See Revelation 17:1-18.)

She Took It Off.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

"I wants to tum in, Sissie," said Tom.

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, I's in my nightie-gown, an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie-gowns."

After astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door, the miniature Eve announced triumphantly: "You tan tum in now; I's tooked it off!"

A Very Wise Boy.

A small Kansas boy was once called in to view his new born baby brother. He looked it over with dissatisfaction, and finally asked: "Mama, where did this thing come from?" "An angel brought it, Jimmie." "Wus you awake when he came?" "Certainly, Jimmie." "Well, then, mama, all that I have got to say, is that you are dead easy. I'd like to see any old angel put off such a looking thing on me."

Stiff, broad-brimmed feminine hats cover a multitude of rats.

MY VIEWS ON EATING.

Editor Fool-Killer,

Dear Sir:—Without wishing to find fault with you may I suggest that there is one subject on which you have thus far been silent. That is the subject of eating, and it is one on which there is a great difference of opinion. Will you please say something about it in The Fool-Killer and thus settle the matter once for all?

L. W. MOON,

Duluth, Minn.

My dear Brother Moon:—Allow me to say that I heartily believe in eating. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Nero, Alexander, Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Rockefeller, Roosevelt and all the big lights of history were eaters. I myself eat every day. Could Leander have swum the Hellespont or Horatius the Tiber if they had not been eaters? Could Webster have written that great story, "The Underbreeches Dictionary," if he had not been under the stimulating influence of hog and hominy? Could Don Quixote have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Plutarch his "Life and Blunders of President Taft" if they had not been eaters?

Yes, indeed, gentlemen, I want you to get this matter straight. I want my readers to fully understand that I am unequivocally in favor of food, and I make it a point to eat something at least twice a day—three times a day if I can get it.

Dr. Helen Kellogg advises her sister wimmen to cultivate big feet. She points out that a huge walking apparatus is somehow connected with a massive intellect. But shucks! What does the average society woman care for brains or intellect? She'd much rather hop around in her dainty number twos, with her feet pinched up till they look like a cucumber in a bottle and feel like a rat under a dead-fall.

Read this paper and pass it on.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

You can always tell a Yankee—but you can't tell him very much.

Boston has a club where swell society shemales can smoke. Wish I had a club like that—I'd make some of them smoke in this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt not steal a chicken, lest thou be put in jail. But if thou wilt steal a railroad or a gold mine thou canst buy all the jails and put other folks in them.

"The desire to possess a portion of the earth is common to all men," says an exchange. Yes, and some of the greedy scoundrels ain't satisfied with a portion—they want it all.

Some men think there ain't any God, simply because He don't knock them down and strike them blind like He did old Saul of Tarsus. Why, you poor little idiots, God don't fire off a cannon to kill a gnat.

There is some kind of a preacher man up at Newburgh, New York, who advises his flock to go fishing on Sunday. Why, certainly! Fishing would be a dickens of a sight better business than listening to such a preacher as that.

I have just read about a millionaire's daughter who has actually married an American instead of selling herself to some Prince-a-la Duke-son-of-a-gun from the pauperized near-royalty of Yourope. Now that is a strange thing for a rich gal to do in this day and time, but you remember the old adage that says, "If there is anything the Lord don't know, it is the result of an election, the verdict of a travis jury, and who a fool woman will marry."

A Senator's Sacred Rights.

"I tremble for the life of this government if the doctrine shall ever be accepted that a man who has accumulated his millions can purchase a seat in this body and be immune from criticism."

The above language was used by Senator O'Gorman, of New York, in speaking of the action of the United States Senate in allowing Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, to retain his bought seat.

Goodness gracious! Why, Senator O'Gorman is terribly old-fashioned and miserably out of date. Is it possible that he don't know that a man who has accumulated millions can do anything he pleases and buy everything except salvation?

Does he not know that this government is no longer what it once was—a government of the people, by the people and for the people?

Has he not yet tumbled to the fact that this is an autocracy of wealth, and conducted solely in the interest of the plutes?

Does he not know that two thirds of his colleagues in the United States Senate have either bought their seats or had them bought for them by some criminal corporation?

Shucks! Also scat! Senator O'Gorman is a back number. He is actually honest. He is positively sincere. He has principles, scruples and other antiquated sentiments. He seems to be laboring under the delusion that it is the duty of a senator to represent the people, and not the power of money.

According to our modern standards, a man is entitled to whatever he has bought and paid for. If he has bought a seat in the Senate, it is his; if he has bought a seat in the Cabinet, it is his. If he has bought a law or a legislature, a judge or a judicial decision, they are his.

Would Senator O'Gorman interfere with the sacred rights of property?

If a man is rich enough in dollars and poor enough in character, he can buy a seat in the Senate and sit on it till the seat of his breeches shines like the character of a saint.

Who is there to put such a man out of the Senate? Surely not the other Senators who have also bought their seats. Surely not the criminal corporations who have bought seats for their special representatives.

The men who own the dollars are the men who own the government. They have bought it and it is theirs. They are the men who can persuade the courts (which are also their personal property) to so dissolve a trust that it becomes more powerful after it is dissolved than it ever was before.

Look at the Standard Oil Company. It has been "dissolved," you know. But John D. is piling up millions faster than he ever did before. That is a fact. Now, honestly, what does such "dissolving" amount to? Why, it isn't worth the snap of your finger to the people.

And that's the way it goes. The Almighty Dollar is the supreme ruler of this country, and of all other countries, so far as I know. Principles, morals, ideals and patriotism do not count for anything. Dollars are supreme. This is a government of dollars, by dollars and for dollars. Dollars are its ideal, its aim and its object; and, unless God saves it, dollars will be its end.

Help circulate The Fool-Killer.

Rock-a-by, Baby, in the tree top;
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To catch a rabbit skin
To wrap up Baby Buntin' in.

Alas, we shall never know what immortal poet is the author of these classic lines. The song is still with us, but the name of its author was torn off and lost years ago. And such is fame. Selah.

Yet in our retrospective moments it is a sweet solace to hark back through the years and refresh our memory with the tender notes of Rock-a-by Baby as they came to us where we lay wrapped in pillows and things. Many infant storms have been calmed and many incipient spasms averted by the skillful application of broken doses of "Rock-a-by Baby."

But we are told that the dear old lullaby must pretty soon hike along after its forgotten author. The word comes direct from my old school-mate, Prof. Walt Wilcox, of Cornell University. Walt tells me on the Q. T. that the baby crop is dying out, and that one hundred years from now there will not be any babies in the United States. Walt has figured it out by the Rule of Two-and-a-Half or some other mathematical sleight-of-hand and he says he knows what he is talking about.

But I sorter suspect that Walt has got the wrong sow by the ear in this baby business. I have not noticed any falling off in the crop of squallers down this way. Hang-taked if they ain't nearly as thick as June-bugs, and still a-coming. And every new arrival brings with it a voice that sounds like the devil a-playing "Sindy" on a gourd fiddle.

The baby crop dying out? Not in this neck of the woods. If money was as plenty as babies the average poor man would be a millionaire. It ain't a question of getting the little mites of humanity launched on the sea of life—the problem is how to keep them from going naked and starving to death. You take ten poor families, and nine of them have more kids than they can feed and clothe decently.

Walt is judging the world by them old dried-up bachelors and old maids up North who love dope and dogs better than they love bussing and babies, and who ain't got vitality enough, nohow, to reproduce their kind more than once in a lifetime.

A young man from the city of Sioux
Once into a gun muzzle bioux;
Of course, it was loaded
And therefore exploded
As he must have known it would dioux.

Poor Old Money Trust.

The haughty, naughty money trust
Is trembling in its shoes,
And J. P. Morgan, so they say,
Is bothered with the blues.

For Congress has made up its mind
To ruthlessly disclose,
Regardless of the consequence,
What everybody knows.

We've heard for years that money talks;
We'll hear now that it swears,
When Congress slips up from behind
And smites it unawares.

And it will realize at last
Its snap is at an end,
For in the halls at Washington
It hasn't got a friend.

Oh, what a joy 'twill be to see
This monster bite the dust,
When Congress rises in its might
To swat the money trust.

Will Congress whip the money trust
And drive it from the land?
Or will we notice Congress tamed
And eating from its hand?

THE OLD FOOL FARMER.

Sometimes I think the farmer is the biggest and best natured fool in the whole lay-out. I am a competent witness, for I am kinder one of them. He enjoys buying bogus gold bricks at a high price more than any other man in the world. He has been skinned so much, and so long, and in so many and various ways, I sometimes wonder if the habit of being skinned has become with him second nature or a sort of religion.

There is nothing the average farmer enjoys as much as being flirted with by a candidate during a political campaign. He is so charitable he "believeth all things." He imagines that the gush and flabdab of a campaign is Gospel Truth. He is the most thoroughly flattered, hoodwinked, hoodooed, fleeced and bamboozled man living, and seems to enjoy it the best. He makes the most spectacular figure in a rally, stepping time to the drum-beats of political wire-pullers. He is both flattered, ridiculed, laughed to scorn and despised by his manipulators, and, strange to say, seems to enjoy it all so well.

The farmer reminds me of a young lion I once heard of who was abused and imposed on by a bull pup. The pup gnawed and wooled and worried the life nearly out of the young lion for awhile. The poor, foolish lion did not know he was a lion at all. But by and by one day the lion asserted his rights and the bulldog's hide wouldn't have brought first cost in a tanyard.

Did you know the farmer has more latent power than any other class of men in all this world? I sometimes think perhaps it is well the old farmer is a good natured old fool, after all, only he needn't go such lengths in being one. Suppose all the farmers in the world should organize and go into a worldwide boycott and not buy or sell anything outside of each other for eighteen months—can you imagine the result? I must confess I cannot, except that it would be fearful.

I would to God something might stiffen the backbone of our farmers, and cause them to wake up, rub their eyes, and assert themselves just a little. I sometimes wonder if the farmers won't go into a worldwide trust one of these days and make their power felt. Or perhaps into a great worldwide strike or boycott. If he should, the dudes who have made a fool of him so long would stick up their ears and look on. Then they would next take off their hats and make him a nice bow. If the boycott held out, they would finally kneel down and beg for mercy—and bread and meat.

There is no class of men who could be so independent in such a contest as the old fool farmer, for from his gnarly, grimy, horny fist all the world must eat or starve.

I am not advocating a farmer's boycott, but I do advocate a sort of cross between that and the farmer being the fool he is and has been.

H. GREELEY MILLER,
Russellville, Tenn., R 1.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

HATS OFF TO E. G. LEWIS!

Goody! I just knowed it would happen. And, by George, I am tickled almost fit to bust. Old Uncle Sam has spent about seven years trying to throw his official lasso over the head of Ed Lewis and drag him into life-time imprisonment. And dog my cats if Ed ain't just hobbled Sam in his own whiskers till he don't know Sunday from wash day nor sideways from straight up.

Maybe you don't know Ed Lewis. Most everybody knows him, and if you don't you are missing a whole lot. Ed is one of these fellers that does things, and don't you forget it. He was born a-gittin' there and has been a-gittin' there ever since. He would have made a big noise in any profession, but when they took him by the heels and flung him out of heaven he happened to fall right kerdab into the publishing business.

Starting twelve years ago with a capital of $1.25, Ed Lewis built up one of the largest publishing plants in America. He published several papers and magazines with a circulation reaching into the millions. He established a great correspondence university in connection with his other business at St. Louis, and worked out an idea that would give poor people practically a free education by mail. His work was approved by all the great publishers of the country, and by teachers and business men everywhere. His plans were as sound as a new dollar and as honest as truth itself. He was building up institutions and doing a work that meant much for the common class.

But some of Uncle Sam's official pets got jealous. It hurt them like thunder to see anything prosper that was for the benefit of the common folks. And so they hatched up a great mess of false charges against Lewis and got him indicted in the Federal Court. They caused the trial to drag along for seven years, during which time they managed to destroy nearly all that Lewis had done. His great magazines were held up and murdered in cold blood by a set of so-called postoffice inspectors who were not fit to inspect the slop-bucket of a nigger boarding-house.

But when Lewis finally did compel them to give him a hearing he made those "inspectors" look and feel sorter like an O with the rim knocked off. He just gouged their little gas-bags so full of holes that they wouldn't hold shucks. All their great trumped-up charges fell flatter than a flitter, and old Uncle Sam sneaked back to Washington feeling like he had tried to bite something and got bit.

When one man can stand up single-handed and alone and fight the United States government for seven long years and finally win a glorious victory; when he can stand against the combined forces of organized wealth and goverment graft and come out of the battle with colors flying and every military thing proven against him—believe me, gentlemen, that man is not very crooked. And that is exactly what E. G. Lewis has done. They destroyed his business and left him in debt, but that's all they could do. And now that the fight is over and the government gang thoroughly beaten, Lewis has gone to work to rebuild his wrecked enterprises—to rebuild them stronger and greater than before. And he will do it, too. Just watch and see if he don't. Therefore, in closing, let me say—hats off to E. G. Lewis!

If you are for the "underdog" The Fool-Killer is with you.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LIFE OF NAOMI WISE

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c.
E. P. NEWSUM & CO., DEPT. 65, KING, N. C.

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The paper that prints what it thinks, and is not afraid to think as it pleases. It is sharp at both ends and sticky in the middle. It catches 'em on both sides and in the middle too. An electric shock in every line for fools, thieves and rascals. 25c a year. 6 months 15c. FLETCHER O. BAXLEY, Chief Point-Grinder, Clanton, Alabama.

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I am in position to furnish you property in almost any State you wish to locate in. Write What You Wish, and Where You Wish to Locate.

I MAIL CIRCULARS at 10 cents per 100, 500 for 45 cents. My Mailing is mostly to Real Estate Agents, so your Circulars should appeal to that Class.

CHARLES LITTLE.
SOUTHERN ART MAGAZINE,
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If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau, Box 118, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L. Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer.)

Comrade Chatham Comes Again.

Winnsboro, La.,
June 1st, 1912.

Mr. J. L. Pearson,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Received today the May issue of The Fool-Killer, which contained a lot of good things, among which was my letter that I wrote you May 3rd, 1912, and your reply thereto, asking you whether you were a Socialist, and if not, why not?

It's an easy thing for a person to make assertions, but when it comes to proving them, it's a devilish hard job, and that's the case with a lot of young newspaper editors about the caliber of J. L. Pearson. I merely asked you to tell your readers whether you were a Socialist, and it seems from reading your letter that you are a Socialist and don't know it, or else wanted to dodge the issue, because, probably if you admitted being a Socialist you would doubtless lose some of your Democrat and Republican subscribers, or fanatical church members, who are willing to be fed on any kind of dope, no matter what brand, if it opposes Socialism, because Socialism is going to destroy all greed and graft, interest, rent and profit, give each the FULL social value of his or her labor, and open up jobs for all, and then compel all to work at some useful labor for a living. What's wrong about that?

A Socialist is one who believes in Socialism — "Socialism, a theory which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement among the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed." This is not my definition of Socialism, but it is Webster's.

A man or woman must THINK to be a Socialist, and their thoughts must not be hedged in by the capitalist class, who don't want the working class to think. Therefore you must not let any capitalist dope into your cranium; therefore, as I stated before, Socialists are generally freethinkers—think independently of the capitalist, not allowing the capitalist tommyrot to enter their minds. Thus we are gradually getting our mental freedom, and when we do, it naturally follows that we will get our physical freedom. Then wage slavery will likewise be abolished. We will have a free people, living in a free country, without being dominated over by a set of thieves and rascals—who are sucking our very life-blood out of us. The laboring class are only demanding their rights, and they are going to have them. We want what we work and produce—that's all. Because a man thinks for himself is no sign he denies his Creator or the Bible, is it? The capitalist class deny the Bible—deny God's teaching from Genesis to Revelation—and it would not take a smart man like J. L. Pearson to prove it. The fact is, the Socialists believe in a True God—a God of the Universe—a real Living God who rules and superrules heaven and earth.

Socialism is not any creed at all—no kin to any orthodox church creed of any name—but the Socialist party is primarily a political party and has nothing to do with religious belief whatever. I will admit that all church creeds are founded on belief, but Socialism demands facts and not belief. The Bible says you can believe a lie and be damned.

Mr. Pearson, you stated that all leaders of the Socialist party were infidels, atheists, agnostics, etc., for which I think you are mistaken. Eugene Debs, Fred Warren, J. A. Wayland, Charles L. Phiffer, Kate Richards O'Hare, W. S. Morgan, Allen W. Ricker, Dick Maple, Congressman Berger, and many others, according to what you said, are disbelievers in God. Now, Mr. Pearson, until you prove to me that they are infidels I will hold you responsible for having made a false assertion which you were unable to prove. Come on.

Socialism doesn't claim that it is the poor man's party, (although we have more of that kind than any other), but it is the rich man's party as well. It is anybody's party that loves justice and right and wants justice administered to all the people. That's the reason that Democrats, Republicans and religious fanatics don't join it.

The Socialists are onto their jobs, and they are doing some mighty good work. They are helping you to thin out the fools, and if you don't come on and join us you won't have enough left for gun-wadding. If there is one thing that needs doing it is to right this old nasty government of ours—clean it up—cast the filth on the brush-heap, get the parasites off our backs, kill superstition, ignorance, greed and graft, interest, rent and profit; give every man that which he creates; compel each one to work for a living (except the disabled), and we will have a government that we can be proud of.

Trusting that you may give space to this letter in the next issue of The Fool-Killer, I am,

Yours for the killing of fools,
D. G. CHATHAM.

It will be remembered that I published a letter from Comrade Chatham last month, and added some comments on the anti-religious tendency of Socialism. I have received quite a number of letters defending Comrade Chatham and his views, and among the letters was the above from Chatham himself. I select his letter for publication in preference to the others, as I want to give him a square deal and a chance to defend himself.

Comrade Chatham comes at me here with that old threadbare song to the effect that Socialism does not oppose Christianity—that it has nothing to do with a man's religion—and in the very next breath he scoffingly refers to Christians and church members as "religious fanatics," which shows plain enough that HE takes sides against religion. He says all religious creeds are founded on BELIEF, but Socialism demands FACTS. Which is the same as to say that Socialism denies the truth of the aforesaid religious beliefs. If that isn't opposing religion, what do you call it? Religion has to do with the things of the spirit—things that cannot be directly proven as facts from the standpoint of the materialist, but must be accepted on belief, or faith. If you undertake to sit down and reason down to a basis of cold facts and throw away all that you cannot PROVE, you will throw away about all that is worth having in this life. Suppose you sit down and make out a list of all the things you know for certain. I'll bet it won't be a very long list. The materialist makes fun of the Christian's "belief," and then swallows things ten times more absurd and calls them "facts."

No, no, mister, I never said that ALL leaders of Socialism were infidels, atheists, or agnostics. I am not acquainted with the religious views of Wayland, Warren, Debs, Morgan, and so forth. They keep pretty silent on that subject. But everybody knows that Dick Maple is a notorious infidel.

Now, comrades, please do not get the idea that I am an enemy to Socialism. I am as true a friend as it has in the world, and I am just trying to lance some of the ugly boils on its back. Of course it hurts a little now, but it will feel good when it quits hurting.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN.

The average woman slippeth out of bed in the morning and arrayeth herself in an armor that would have put any sixteenth century knight to the blush. She washeth her face and hands and dabbeth herself with various chemicals, goeth down to the breakfast table, where she skimmeth over the advertisements in the paper and hastily instructeth the cook what to do. She proceedeth to the scene of her operations whatever it may be. She shoppeth, or she gaddeth, or she gossipeth. At noon she hurryeth back, when she putteth on another garment still more horrible and uncomfortable than the other, and starteth off once again. She meeteth various other women and they discusseth still other women who are not present. She indulgeth herself in all the latest fads, whatever they may be during the day. But all the time she thinketh not.

She chatteth continually, but knoweth not.

She displayeth on her person ornaments, and strange and grotesque animals, and careth not, except to make an impression.

By and by she windeth up at home where she greeteth her husband and swatheth herself once again in less but much more highly expensive materials.

At midnight she retireth. She sayeth her prayers and blesseth Jehovah that she liveth in an uplifting age.

It sometimes takes a lot of cheek to kiss a girl—but the girl is usually willing to furnish the cheek.

[illegible]Y.

A portion of the American Army is stationed on the Mexican frontier, protecting the lives of defenceless Americans in the interior of Mexico. A portion is at Key West, Florida, protecting American interests in Cuba. Some marines and troops have been stationed in China, to perform their miracles in that country.

Is it not curious that wherever trouble is, there you will find the American Army or Navy also? They can't let anything happen but that they must have a hand in the proceeding.

Mister, the next time a whole flock of tom cats get to snorting, cussing, and spitting all kinds of fusses at each other, in your back yard, or under the floor; or a band of cur dawgs get to disturbing the stillness of the night with a mixed variety of sounds which can be heard in every quarter of the inhabitable globe—well you had just as well look out, I guess. "What for?" would be your natural rejoinder. The Army, of course. They can't let the savages of other countries fight out their battles alone. And I don't guess that they will let anything that is named fight go on much longer. There will come along a whole regiment to rescue your life and property from the awful fate of being destroyed by a cur dawg, or a tom cat fight.

Now mind you I am not preaching for war to go on. But if it can't be stopped by gentle means, why should they stop something they have nothing to do with, by force?

Why should Americans go to live in these lands of savages? Are there not farms as idle today as the plow is at election time?

If men and women go to Mexico, Cuba, or China and make their beds there, they should be compelled to lie on them. If they are made of iron spikes, with their most wise and sagacious (sharp) ends uppards, they should lie on them just the same.

If the Americans were not so busy they could avoid lots of international complications.

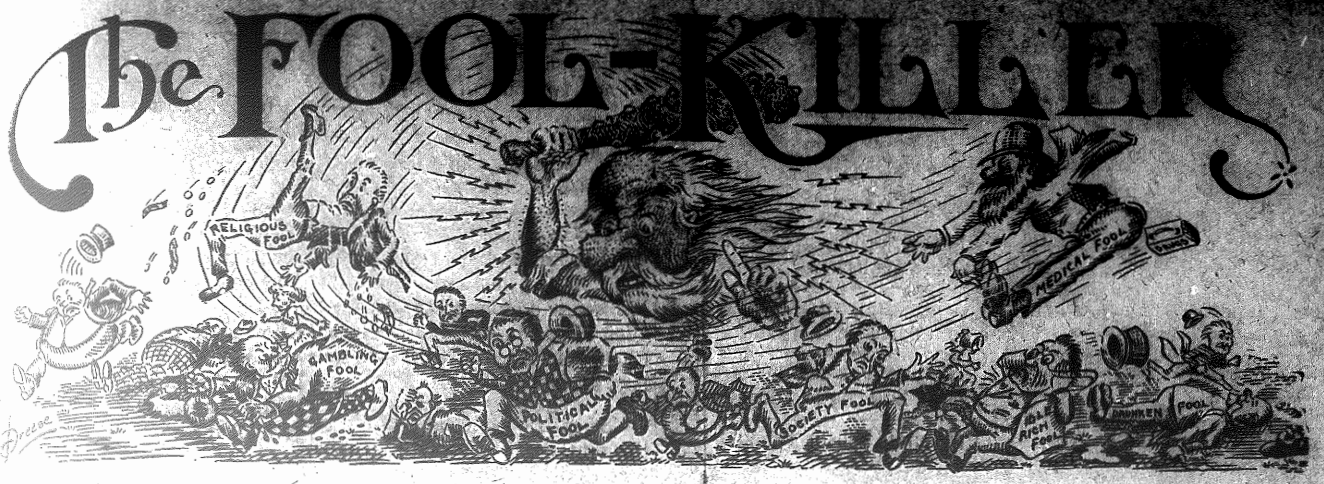
How to Behave at the Table.

If you can't reach what you want, walk across the table and get it.

Don't scratch your head with a fork. Ask for a curry-comb.

If your elbows are in the way, put them in your pockets rather than knock someone backwards.

If you should get choked on a chicken bone, don't vomit at the table; go to the slop-bucket.



VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1912. NO. 5.

The Ninety and Nine.

There are ninety and nine that work and die
In want and hunger and cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be lapped in the silken fold;
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has built the humble homes
And the cities with stately halls.
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands.

THE WAIL OF THE EAGLE.

Squawk!

Scat there!

Get out of my moonshine.

You don't know me, I reckon.

Well, I'm what's left of the American Eagle, by Ned!

Great golly!

Just to think what I've come to!

Used to be the finest bird that ever toted feathers.

Proud? Just hush!

Why, I was that proud of myself I couldn't hardly keep still long enough to have my picture taken.

I was the living emblem of glorious American Liberty, and I used to hover over this nation like an old speckled hen over a setting of bantam eggs.

I loved to flap my terrible wings in the face of my enemies, and show my claws, and see the kings of the earth tremble with fear.

My birthday?—oh, don't mention it!

Poor old Fourth of July!

Its glory has departed, and all that is left of it is a black eye and a bad smell.

The glory is gone, but the memory lingers.

I love to think of what big old times I used to have—of how my friends vied with each other to do me honor.

But those days have passed.

Look at me now.

Ain't I a Jo Hun from Karo?

Tail feathers all yanked out by the roots.

Wings crapped.

Toe-nails broke and head skun.

All be-draggled and be-drabbled till I look worse than the devil before day.

Yes, I did represent Freedom, but I don't now.

I have been sold into slavery, and the boasted Freedom that I used to cackle over has become the private property of a few multimillionaires.

The plutes and politicians have bought the country and paid for it with hot air, and I am kicked out at the back door to roost on the hog-pen and live on the fat of my guts.

Oh, Freedom!

Oh, Fiddlesticks!

Oh, Fudge!

Recipe for a Liar.

Take the soul of a yaller dog,
The mind of a ram goat,
The smile of a jackass—
To these add the heart
Of a slimy snake
And the sputter of a Thomas-cat;
Stir in a lot of other filth
That stinks real loud;
Add to all this the slyness
That belongs to a suck-egg dog,
And you will have the real essence
Of a stinking, damnable,
All-fired, news-toting liar.

Formula Department.

If your hair is falling out, stick your head in a barrel of glue three times a day until cured.

If you are troubled with a bleeding nose, stick a bale of hay in each nostril and let it remain till cured.

One half-pound of dynamite placed in a holler tooth and touched off will stop the toothache immediately.

THE POLITICAL POT HAS BILED OVER.

Ha, there, Mister 'Fraid-o'-the-truth, you old golly-snortin', turkey-trottin' son of a green-eyed sap-sucker, I guess you had better get your smelling-salts ready and hunt a soft place to fall. In other words, get ready to faint. For, behold, The Fool-Killer is going to submit a few remarks that may not set on your touch-me-not stummick as gracefully as a town gal a-straddle of a hoss.

Speaking of politics, it looks to me like there is a hen on, nearly ready to lay, and several big niggers in the wood pile. In the language of the poet, it simply beats the devil and Tom Walker. I am utterly sickened and disgusted with all this confounded cat-clawing and hypocritical hurawing among the big-bellied bosses of peanut politics, and I've just got to say something or bust.

This has been the doggondest shaking up of political dry bones that this country has had since Heck was a pup. And the music has just begun, as the Irishman said when he shot the feller's head off.

About three years ago I discovered that I had outgrown my little Republican jump-jacket, and would soon have to get me a new political garment, but I was sorter in doubt as to what it would be. Had begun the study of Socialism, and kinder liked it, but the idea of becoming a Socialist was rather remote. Concluded to wear my old Republican duds as long as they would hang on me. But I got more and more ashamed of them every day that God sent, and kept looking out for a chance to shed 'em off. The Chicago Steam-Roller Pukeification came snorting along and split the old party from hell to breakfast—and that settled it. I can stand a good deal, but that dog-eat-dog performance was a little too rich for my appetite.

I have looked over the political field to see what I could find, and the only thing that looks halfway decent is the Socialist bunch. They are not perfect, by a jugfull, but they are the best thing in sight. Some of them don't believe in God, but I've got ten times more respect for an honest infidel than I have for these-here old mealy-mouthed, double-faced darned hypocrites who make up a big part of the modern church. Socialism is really and truly demanding the things that Christ advocated, while the so-called church of Christ is bitterly opposing them. The church has drifted away from the teachings of its Lord and Master to such an extent that if He should appear on earth today and preach the same gospel He preached before, His church would be the first to cry, "Crucify Him!" No doubt about that.

An honest and unprejudiced survey of the whole situation has forced me to the conclusion that the Democratic party and both wings of the Republican party are abject slaves and servants to the money power and the Pope of Rome. The Woodpilers, the Grinnygrunts and the Teddytads are all willing and anxious to swap principle for pie. They will trade, traffic or fuse; buy, beg or steal—anything to get votes. And no matter which of the gang gets in, the result will be the same. Wall Street will continue to be the capital of the nation; drones and deadbeats will feast and honest men will starve.

Therefore don't call me a Republican any more. And, for the Lord's sake, don't call me a Democrat. If you want to call me anything, call me a Socialist.

I want to get a letter right plum quick from every person who reads these lines, and I want each letter to contain a whopping big club.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

G. O. P. now stands for Gone Off Petered.

Say, honey, why don't you start you a party?

Labor produces wealth and laziness wallers in it.

A woman with breeches on is a pantaloonatic, I reckon.

The big-bugs use the straddle-bugs to humbug the doodlebugs.

Woodpile Wilson thinks he can cuss his way into the White House.

Gee! But I'm glad I got off of the old Republican ship before she hit the iceberg.

Golly! It must give a feller an all-fired "kuris" feelin' to be a Republican these days.

No able-bodied man has any right to more than he earns—and none should receive a cent less.

There's a few bones in Socialism that I can't swaller, but—yum-yum—how good the meat is!

Chicago had its Roosevelt, Baltimore its Bryan, and now the devil is out trying to swap hosses with himself.

This presidential campaign is going to look like a man with seventeen legs trying to put on his breeches.

The farmers are advised to raise more mules, but I don't understand how they'll do it—with all the jackasses in Congress.

If you want to read some of the richest burlesque and keenest satire you ever saw, just keep a skinned eye on The Fool-Killer.

I might have slobbered over the new political baby, called it pet names and bought it a calico dress, if old Standard Oil Harvester Trust Perkins hadn't been the granny.

Every man who votes for Big Smile next November ought to have his brains pumped out thru the holler of a gnat's bristle and the hole filled up with a mustard seed.

When the political pot began to boil over and mess up things, my first impulse was to crawl up on the fence and await developments. But, lo and behold, when I stuck my chin over the top rail I found The Yellow Jacket and The Lash complacently roosting there. And so I got ashamed of myself and crawled down on the Socialist side of the fence.

That doleful wailing you hear is the new political baby crying for its ninny. Poor little Progressive! His mammy is dead, and I guess he will have to be raised on the bottle.

They wouldn't let Ted set on the Republican nest, and so he went off and made him a nest of his own and stole some Socialist eggs to put in it. Cluck, cluck! Cheep, cheep! And what will the harvest be?

"Scientific salesmanship" is the gentle art of selling a man something he don't want, and don't need, and, as a rule, can't afford. No salesman is needed to sell a man something that he wants.

Greed has commercialized society, mammonized the church and devilized politics. Everything is run by rich rascals who steal their money from the poor and who have no more religion or principle than a hound dog.

Some of these-here fellers that have graduated in fly-ology are now giving out figures to show that one ordinary female house fly will lay 20,000 eggs in a season. Now if Burbank will go to work and cross the house fly with the barnyard hen—golly, wouldn't that be the truck?

Ah, the country is the place for genuine and unostentatious love. Even the toads look into each other's broad sweep of pouting mouth and sweet-blue lips and coyly play with the seed warts on each other's back, like a sweet young girl of 20 patting a millionaire of 70 on the largest wart growing on his bald pate. A toad's courtship is a hopping good time, from the toad's view of it, and they enjoy life in a swamp or a mud puddle far better than the people of Capitol Hill enjoy their fine houses and social scandals.

And now Taft, Ted and Woodpile are going to have a lovely three-cornered dog fight over the Catholic vote. Whichever way the pope of Rome points his old skinny finger, that way the election will go. And yet some people are such fools as to believe that Romanism is not in politics. Aw, scat! Look at Belgium. The two political parties in that country are the Roman Catholics and the Socialists. The day is coming when the same political alignments will prevail in this country. Mark the prediction.

A girl who did not lack for beaux
Assumed quite an indignant peaux
And cried: "What's this!
Some one stole a kiss,
And it happened right under my nesux."

THIS MEANS YOU!

Hello, Comrades, how do you like this issue of The Fool-Killer? Read every word of it carefully, and if you think it is tolerable good medicine, please get all your friends and neighbors to try a year's treatment.

I want every Socialist in America to subscribe for The Fool-Killer right at once, and I believe they will as soon as they see it. Let me send a bundle of samples to the secretary of your Local and give all the comrades a chance to subscribe. And then let every subscriber get busy and send in other subscriptions. We are going to cover the earth with Fool-Killers as the waters cover the sea. This paper is nearly three years old, and it has already become famous all over the United States. The great masses of the common people love it, because it is fighting their battles, while the plutes, big bugs, grafters and grand rascals hate it worse than the devil hates Sunday School.

Now then, comrades, the paper is before you. If you like it, please show your appreciation by sending in a big club at once.

After November Taft wouldn't bring five cents a pound for soap-grease.

What has become of poor old Dick Maple? The last I heard of him he was trying to nurse at the breast of Christian Science.

When a Christian Scientist gets hungry, I wonder if he can fill his belly by just "thinking" he has got something to eat? Sure thing, that would knock an ugly hole in this "high cost of living" business.

These plute papers that think Socialism will be the death-blow to inventive genius are probably ignorant of the fact that Thomas A. Edison is a red-hot Socialist. Do you reckon the greatest inventor of all the ages is fool enough to advocate a system that would cut his own throat? Huh?

Some of my friends have urged me to join the new Roosevelt party. No, thank you. If I am going to be a Socialist I might as well join the genuine and not the counterfeit. Roosevelt is a Socialist and don't know it, and his new party is only a flag station for the great army that is headed toward Socialism. Let 'em stop at Teddyville for awhile. They will soon move on, and the next stop will be Socialist Headquarters. Guess I'll just run on ahead to the Socialist camp and tell 'em that Teddy and his crowd are a-comin'.

A SERMON TO THE DOCTORS

Hello, Doc! I know you are a clever old humbug, and I can't help but like you, but the object of this sermon is to find out what you are good for.

Set down your colored water and bread pills on that-thar stump and let's talk awhile.

You look like a sensible man, and maybe you know a right smart, but what can you do?

That's the question.

You pretend like you can just almost raise the dead with one mighty shake of your drotted little pill-box, and here you go galloping over the country, pouring sick people full of slop and collecting big fees, and when one happens to get well anyhow, you swell out your well-fed belly and exclaim: "Behold what I did with my little pill-box!"

And the worst of it is that so many of the people believe you. They just think if they can get tanked up on about six gallons of your Doodlebug Draps they will soon be able to pick up a bull by the tail and throw him over the barn.

Poor pitiful plugs! They don't know any better, I reckon. But you diked up doctor doinses—you know better. You know that nine tenths of your belly-wash ain't worth the rain-water and poke-berries it takes to make it. You know if you was half dead you would fight a circle saw before you would take your own medicine.

But this drug-doping devilment is a fine full tit for you pill-pouch parasites, and of course you won't turn loose till you are choked loose.

It's a puzzle to me the way you fellers operate, anyhow. Other people don't get pay for doing a piece of work unless they do it. When I pay the grocer for a sack of flour I expect to get the flour.

When I hire a man to build a house or dig a well, I expect him to do the work—otherwise he gets no pay.

But you doctor fellers must have pay for looking wise and making a blind, staggering guess at something. Hit or miss, it's all the same price. Funny business I call it.

Suppose I wade in a mud puddle and get the hookies, or eat too many cabbages for dinner and have a pain across the small end of my misery. I call in the doctor man and tell him there seems to be something wrong with my 17-jewelled innards, and I want something done for myself right forthwithabus. He sets down his hog-hide hamper-sack, looks cross-eyed at the mole on my lip, and says:

"Oh, you've got a bad case of Extemporanimus Obstrepidoodle Damfino. Drink a gallon of this medicine every fifteen minutes till you either die or get well. Ten dollars, please."

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

AN ORATION.

BY J. W. EAGLIN.

Delivered to Federal Judges, Lawyers, Railroad Kings, Mine Owners, and all Captains of Industry.

Dear Old Pals:

I am proud of the opportunity of addressing you this evening! I am here to represent Beelzebub, therefore I will speak as he speaks.

Verily I say unto thee, I am a god of profit, interest and rents. Therefore if thou loanest a dog to a widow, charge her usury, and if thy brother be out of bread, loan him a bushel of corn and demand two in return; and if thou lettest his misfortune trouble thee thou art not worthy to be my disciple.

Do others before they do you.

Let him that stole steal more, that he may have to lend upon usury.

If a man smite thee on the cheek shoot him with a shotgun.

Give not to him that asketh, and to him that would borrow of thee, say no.

Hate your enemies and "skin" your neighbors.

Covet earnestly great gains.

Yet I show thee a more excellent way.

Though I speak with the tongue of Joe Cannon or Bryan, and have not profit, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of property, and understand all mischief, and have all knowledge so that I could build railroads, and have not profit, I am nothing.

And though I exercise all my wits to skin the poor, and though I give their bodies to be burned, and have not profit, it availeth me nothing.

Profit lasteth long and is fine; profit dwindleth not; worketh not itself and is not pulled up.

Doth not bereave itself unnecessarily; leaveth not his own; is not easily bankrupt; thinketh on evil.

Rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth not in the truth.

Beateth all things, bereaveth all things, coveteth all things, enslaveth all things.

Profit never faileth.

Whether there be properties they shall fail; whether there be tariffs they shall cease; whether there be boodlers they shall vanish away.

We now own part and claim the rest. But when the millennium shall come, that which we have shall be taken away.

When I was a man I spake as a man, I understood as a man, I thought as a man; but when I became a brute I put away manly things.

We now go in sheep's clothing, but then naked and bare.

We are now known partially, but then we shall be known even as we know.

And now remaineth rent, interest and profit—these three; but the greatest of these is profit.

Another Sermon on Marriage.

Every young man should have a sweetheart; there is nothing so elevating or congenial as the society of a refined young lady; when you fall down and skin your nose, or when some fellow, in a playful sort of way, makes a gash nine feet long over your eye with a brickbat, go to your sweetheart and tell her your troubles. She will gladly tell you what to do and if she is made out of the right kind of raw-hide material, she will assist you to kill your antagonist by beating him to death with her tongue.

After you have known her two or three days then you can marry her. There is nothing so advisable as a sweet, loving wife. As she becomes more and more acquainted with you she will advise you more frequently. It won't be a great while until she will lay aside her own work any old time to advise you. She will approach you in her sweet girlish way and hurl large chunks of advice at you.

With her amiable disposition and oleomargarine hair hanging down her back, she will come to you and candidly and frankly confess that you have made a jackass out of yourself. If at any time you should suspicion that she was wrong in her opinion, keep it to yourself. If you remonstrate with her she will gradually convince you with shovels, skillets, brooms and other forcible arguments that she is right.

After she has choked you until you feel that your Adam's apple has been fractured, your past life comes up before you in a great gob, and you see the glittering panorama of the sweet ultimately approaching, you will begin to realize that she knew more about your business than you thought she did.

Young man, there is nothing on earth like married life if you can stand it and you should go to the market, pick out an old maid and try some experiments in that line. Old maids are cheap and you can buy them most anywhere for two cents a dozen. One will be all you will need. If you survive the shock, you will be under lasting and pig-iron obligations to me for the advice I have so cheerfully given.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ONE WOMAN MASON

Biography of Mrs. Catherine Babington, the only Woman Mason in the world, and how she became a Blue Lodge Mason. By J. P. Babington. An intensely thrilling story. Price 25 cents, by mail, postpaid. Address: J. P. Babington, Taylorsville, N. C.

THE BIG PISTOL

The Famous Rascal Killer of the age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15c a year. THE BIG PISTOL, Campton, Kentucky.

THE BAYONET

The paper that prints what it thinks, and is not afraid to think as it pleases. It is sharp at both ends and sticky in the middle. It catches 'em on both sides and in the middle too. An electric shock in every line for fools, thieves and rascals. 25c a year. 6 months 15c. FLETCHER O. BAXLEY, Chief Point-Grinder, Clanton, Alabama.

SOUTHERN FARMS.

If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau, Box 118, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L. Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer.)

WILLIE WINKLE'S LETTER.

Sleepy Holler, N. C.,
July 10th, 1912.

Deer Mister Editur:

I want 2 rite sum peeses fer yore papur, if you pleez. I hav had sum eggsperuns ritin fer the pres. Mi paw is a editur & I ust 2 rite peeses fer his papur. But wun da I rit sump'm what paw dident like, & he wont let me rite fer his papur no moar. I tride 2 slip in a peese last weak unbeknownst 2 paw, but he found it out, & the wa he kust wuz a site.

Mi paw is a Republickin, & the naim ov his papur is The Red Rooster. The Rooster ust 2 hav a powerful vois, but he jist about ruint it crowin fer Taft & hi taruf. That wuz a mity hard job 2 handul, & it sorter tore the Rooster's goozel sum, I reckin. He still sets on the fence a good deel, but I nodis he dont crow much here ov lait. Ef I wuz in the Rooster's plase Ide crow or git off ov the fence. Paw's rooster seams 2 be sum diffurnt frum uther roosters, ennyhow. Maybe hiz bein on the fence is wun reezun he cant crow no better.

Paw shore seems 2 be in a rite smart ov trubbel about sumthin—politicks I reckin it is. Seems like the Taft & Rozyfelt split has sorter made paw's hed swim, so 2 speek. I hearn him a tellin maw last nite that he dident kno what in the ole skratch 2 do. You see paw & his Rooster hav allers bin orthydocks Republickins. Tha hav hoopt it up fer the party nommynee & axt no questyuns. Tha wuz fer Ted when he run 8 yeers ago, & tha wuz fer Taft when he run. Nuthin komplikated about that. It wuz awl very simpul & ezy. Evun a blind man can walk along the rode if it is strate & levul, with no roks or stumps in it.

But this time it is sum diffurnt. The perlitikul rode this yeer is purty steap & rocky. That's whi paw & his Rooster dont hardly kno whitch wa 2 go. You see Republickinism has kum 2 whur the rode forks, & it is sorter like the niggur preechur sed—wun prong leeds 2 hell & the uther 2 eturnul damnashun. I think paw wood like 2 take 2 the woods, only the woods is full ov Soshulists, & paw is offul fraid ov them things.

Paw surtinly duz luv 2 travul the perlitikal rode, but jist at presunt he is so turned around that he dont kno whuther he is a goin or a kummin bak.

It shore duz seam like paw's party has about petered out, ennyhow. Busted wide opun as a butejack, & wun peese ov it has got a mill-stoan around its nek, & the tuther peese has changed its naim. Paw is very bizzy jist now tryin 2 figger out whuther he is a Taft Republickin or a Rozyfelt Pergressiv, & I tel you it is makin him swet like a hired man. Paw kinder thinks the krowd is goin with Ted, & he wood like 2 trot along with the krowd, but thar is sum powerful big obstickuls in the wa. In the fust plase, he wood hav 2 bid fairwel 2 the glorious naim ov Republickin under whitch he has fit, bled & dide fer so menny yeers. Ov course paw wood ruther di than 2 du that. He is plum surtin he woodent kno hisself bi enny uther naim but Republickin. But that aint the wust ov it. Back yander when Bill Bryun begun 2 preech Inishiativ, Referendum & Rekawl, paw jist jumped up & down, fomed at the mouth & swoar it nevur wood du in this world. But now if paw goze with the Teddy krowd he will hav 2 take bak awl them meen things he sed about the inishiativ, referendum & rekawl, bekaws Rozyfelt favurs 'em, you kno. Then agin, paw has allers opposed woomern suffridge & maid fun ov the suffryjetts. He dont think wimmen hav got sense enuff 2 voat. But he will hav 2 taik that back if he follers Ted.

& then thar is that evurlastin taruff questyun. Paw & his Red Rooster hav allers stood fer hi taruff—the hiur the bettur. But the leedin plank in the Rozyfelt platform will be taruff reduckshun. It wood sound mity quair 2 heer the Rooster crowin fer taruff reduckshun. But that is perzackly what it must du ef it wants 2 roost under the wing ov T. R.

Now, Mister Editur, duz it begin 2 dawn on the hilltops ov yore understandin what a devil ov a fix paw is in? Seems like the only course what's open 2 him is plum stopped up. If you had 2 & coodent, what wood you du?

Maby Ile rite agin next munth & giv you anuther chaptur ov paw's perlitikul trubbels.

Yores truly,
WILLIE WINKLE.

Now Let Us Sing.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
So do the plutocrats, for they
Just take the earth by storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of Satan's darkest skill
They treasure up their dark designs
And work their devilish will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
But think on this the while—
That if you give the plutes an inch
They'll sure to take a mile.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
And keep a skinned eye on the plutes,
They'll steal or break a trace.

The August Fool-Killer will be hotter than the weather. Don't miss it.

THE SOCIALISM OF JESUS—THAT'S MY KIND.

Oh, Socialist Comrades, listen! I am your friend. Get that settled in your minds. Yes, we are brothers in arms, marching shoulder to shoulder, and fighting the same social and political evils—the same financial fraud and commercial cussedness. We are fighting together for the world-wide enforcement of the Golden Rule as laid down by the first and the greatest Socialist—Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

But there is one thing I can't understand. Wise men have said that the ethics of Socialism and Christianity are identical. I hope that is true, for it is utterly useless and foolish for man to try to improve on the teachings of Jesus. He was a God, and His great God-nature comprehended all things. His divine mind went straight to the bottom of every problem of life. When He had spoken there was nothing more to be said.

Jesus Christ is the great Teacher of all the ages. He is the connecting link between God and man, having the attributes of both. If the world stands a million years yet, no better creed will be taught than that which was taught by the Man of Sorrows two thousand years ago.

That creed, or something very much like it, is what the Socialists seem to want. Therefore, it appears to me that, of all people in the world, the Socialists ought to be the most devoted followers of Christ. But they are not. On the other hand, it seems that every anti-religious and infidel cult on the face of the earth has taken refuge in the Socialist party. Of course many thousands of the Socialists are Christians, but that an astonishingly large percentage of them are atheists and infidels is a fact which cannot be denied.

We are told that the Socialist party, as an organized, working power, is not an enemy to religion—that it is purely political and is simply not concerned about religion one way or the other. The best authorities agree on that, and it is borne out by the American Socialist platform.

So far, so good. We will agree that the party, as a party, should not be held responsible for the religious views of its individual members. But next, I want somebody to explain why so many of the party's individual members hold such views. There evidently must be some cause for it. And you will see how that hurts the party, and hinders its growth, when you reflect that the great [illegible] still believe in a God.

No, bless your soul, I am not knocking Socialism. God knows if it can be of any service to down-trodden humanity, its services are needed. But it is my humble opinion that the teaching of infidelity among the people is not a desirable service.

Let it be understood that I am no saint with wings. In fact, those who have to put up with my daily presence think I am a pretty tuff case. I am just a country greenhorn, picked up out of the corn field and set down in an editor's chair. I have no education and no "society polish." My coarse manners and ruff, slangy talk are sometimes a little shocking to the refined sensibilities of the cultured class. But, with all my badness, I am not ready to turn against God. To my mind, there is no fact more self-evident than the existence of an all-wise and all-powerful Supreme Being who, in some manner beyond our comprehension, is able to create and govern a boundless universe of worlds. I have a perfect abiding faith in the wisdom and power and justice of the Living God, and the most profound reverence for the Man called Jesus, whom I believe was, and is, the Son of God. I am that kind of a Socialist.

How to Use Patent Medicines.

Sick Headache—Place a paper of Killum's Headache Powders in the slop bucket, then go to bed and rest till your head gets easy.

Pain or Cramps—Put a bottle of Painkiller in the ice-box and go without dinner.

Cold in the Head—Put a bottle of Dr. Sting's New Dope on the top shelf of the cupboard and go to work as usual.

Fretful Children—Empty a bottle of Mrs. Sally Swiggins's Soothing Syrup on the sole of an old shoe, rub in well, and apply to the child until the symptoms disappear.

Cold Feet—Pour one-half pint of any reliable tonic over behind the back-stick, and then sit down and poke your feet to the fire.

Loss of Appetite—Get a box of Dr. Poysener's Liver Pills. Roll each pill around the house three times with a golf club. Eat a hearty dinner.

By-by, honey, till next month. I hear my wife a-callin' me to come and dig some taters for dinner. Do you love taters? I ain't no fool over 'em, but that's about all we've got to eat at our house. Please send in a club to buy some butter to go with our taters.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1912. NO. 6.

Until There Is No Room.

"Woe unto them that add house to house and field to field until there is no room."—Bible.

The world is large enough, God knows;
Upon the earth's broad face
There's plenty room—and room to spare—
For all the human race.

The world is rich enough, God knows;
If all the wealth were told,
No son of earth but should have store
Of silver and of gold.

Yet some there are so cursed by fate,
They dwell in constant dread
Of cold and famine, and who lack
Not land alone—but bread.

And wealth is insolent—it spurns
The shivering and the gaunt,
And from its princely palace turns
The groaning sons of want.

'Neath God's blue heaven, soon and late,
Men force men to the wall;
And evermore the strong and great
Crush out the weak and small.

Oh, God! How shall the proud ones then
Escape the olden doom
Declared on those who crowd and crush
"Until there is no room?"

To My Correspondents.

Every day I get personal letters that ought to be answered at once, but at present I am so rushed with work that I can't get time to answer any except the very most important ones. If you have written me a personal letter expecting to get a reply, and the reply has not reached you, this will explain the reason. Let the clubs continue to roll in, and remember that I appreciate your help and encouragement, even if I can't get time to write you a personal letter. In fact, I want each issue of this paper to be a personal letter to 50,000 people, anyhow.

It seems that Ted's notion of what to do with ex-presidents is to remove the "ex."

BOW DOWN AND WORSHIP!

A visit from the Stork is expected by the former Vivian Gould, now Lady Decies, some time in September. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, the bride's parents, have gone to England to be with their daughter. Lord Decies is now commander of the South Irish Horse.—Ass-ociated Press.

Great balls of-fire!

Cupid in his shirt-tail and the devil's grandmother a-straddle of a goat!

That is grand and glorious news.

It makes me SO happy!

Why don't you shout?

Glory hallyluyer!

Granny and a go-cart!

Pink petticoats and paregoric!

Heaven is very near, and the world smells like 'lassy-makin' time.

It was so good of the Associated Press to bring us these glad tidings of great expectation and preparation in the royal station of the John Bull nation.

We can all sleep better now, and our corn pone will taste more like angel cake, because we know that somewhere on the far-away flank of creation a very ordinary little old kid is going to wake up with a gold spoon in its mouth and be slobbered over by a gang of half-baked idiots.

Among common decent folks a thing like that is not shouted from the house-top six months aheab. But just let a millionaire gal buy herself a royal pair of breeches with a lord's shirt-tail crammed in 'em, and then watch the newspapers nose around after the pair like a hungry dog after a gut-wagon.

We get long-winded descriptions of the lace on the bride's petticoat, the exact length of her silk stockings, and how many times she turns over at night.

Nothing escapes the watchful eye of the reporter, and at the very first signs of approaching maternity the papers must yell it all around the earth just as if nothing like it had ever happened before.

Gosh, boys, it makes me sick! I move that we take an intermission and all go out and have a good sociable puke.

WHOOP-EE! JUST LISTEN!

It will stretch all the kinks out of your imagination to believe it, but it is a fact that there are still a few editors of little old stinking, stand-pat Republican sheets who are so stone-blind to the spirit of the times that they actually think Bill Taft is in the race for president. It is really pitiful to hear them tune up their durned little yawpers and squeal, "Hooray fer Taft!" The noise they make sounds exactly like a sick rooster trying to puke up a grubworm.

Now Col. Roosevelt and his Progressive party are factors to be reckoned with in the race, with at least an even chance for victory, but no man with enough sense to come in when it rains is going to waste any lung-power boosting a dead hog for president.

"Hooray fer Taft!" Lord help my soul! If I couldn't find anything better than that to holler, hanged if I wouldn't rent my voice to a bull-frog, live on the rent, and keep my durned mouth shut.

Yes, honey, Lorimer is out of the Senate and I'm glad of it; but, confound it all, don't you know that over half the gang that kicked him out are just as rotten as he is? I don't see the sense in kicking out one grand rascal and letting a hundred remain. Some man with a foot about the size of Taft's belly ought to go into that millionaire's club and politely kick the whole infernal mess into the Potomac River.

Is Taft the Jonah or the whale?

THE DEVIL'S BOOK-AGENTS.

I have just received through the mail another fat wad of blasphemy from that miserable, low-down, devil-inspired, sin-soaked, brainless, graceless and Godless hang-out calling itself "The House of Gowrie," in Chicago.

I gave that hellish outfit a round roasting several months ago for advertising a book that slandered every decent woman on earth, and if they want another dose, I'm their doctor.

This present pile of printed puke is worse, if possible, than the first one. It is foaly, more repulsive, and more abominably hellish than the very dirt under the devil's toe-nails. The postmaster had to fumigate my box in the postoffice, after that roll of rancid rot had been poked in it, before other people could stand it to call for their mail. When the stuff entered the door of The Fool-Killer office the lady clerk fainted, the ink soured, the press started backwards, the engine sputtered, and the office cat rolled over into the paste bucket and then over my writing desk, and the last I saw of her she was going east at forty miles a minute with two of my best editorials for a hobbleskirt.

All jokes aside, I honestly declare it is a wonder to me that God lets people live and circulate such blasphemy. The stuff consists of advertisements of a great raft of alleged books with such titles as the following: "Was Jesus Insane?" "Crimes of Jehovah," "The Love of God an Impossibility," and so on. Just to read a list of their books is enough to make any right-minded person shudder. And with a grim appropriateness of which they were not aware, these awful publishers have printed little black pictures of their father, the devil, all about over their shameful circulars.

If Virginia wears little Rhoda's New Jersey, what will Delaware?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

The Fool-Killer is late again, as usual. I have not had help enough to keep the work up, and the present big boom has about got me buried alive in work.

You might as well try to milk a broom handle as to try to get a sensible argument out of a moss-back's noggin.

Many a mister man whose voice was made to drive a team of muley bulls with, has got it hemmed up in one corner of a two-story collar trying to make it preach.

Elbert Hubbard and his bunch of Roycrofters are advertising a modelled leather waste-basket for the puny sum of $12.00. A waste-basket, indeed! Twelve dollars wasted every time some fool buys one of them.

The demand for the July issue of The Fool-Killer was so great that I had to put the forms back on the press and make three extra printings—four in all—before I got enough to supply the demand. Hope it will be the same way again this time.

Thank you, Comrades, for the splendid work you are doing for The Fool-Killer. The subs are coming in at the rate of from 75 to 150 every day. Just keep up that lick, boys, and we will soon have everything coming our way. I have put the price so low that I can't give premiums to club-raisers, but I know you comrades enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good of the cause. If you can use some sample copies, let me know. Now altogether, everybody! Hurrah!

Another minister hits at the hobble skirt. He says it's a contrivance invented to lead women to hell. No doubt it has been the case of many of 'em being led there; but one thing about 'em is, they have to hold 'em high or they can't travel hellward very fast.

Doggon! It shore must have been rich to see old Ben Tillman yank the stopper out of his cry-jug and flood the Senate chamber with a torrent of salty weeps. They say Ben just bellered and boo-hoo'd and wope tears as big as goose-eggs over the sad fate of his dear friend, Billy Lorimer.

They raise all kinds of sand about the red flag of Socialism, but a red bandana handkerchief is all to the mustard. Of course we common Rubes can't understand the difference between one red rag and another red rag, but I reckon Bully Moosevelt and his crowd can. They are humdingers, anyhow, ain't they?

More About the Infidel Socialist.

At least three fourths of my readers are straight out Socialists, and I am a Socialist myself. But you know there are several kinds of Socialism in the world today, and I pointedly reserve the right to disagree with any or all of them whenever I see fit.

There is the atheistic or infidel crowd, who seem to think that the first and greatest duty of a Socialist is to deny God and make fun of divine things. With that kind of a fool I have absolutely no patience.

And then we have the "dynamite" crowd—those who believe in using force and violence to carry their point. None of that for me, if you please. That ain't Socialism, nohow—it's anarchy. Let it be plainly understood that I take no stock in all that infidel and "dynamite" business. You know I have been preaching along this line before, and I have been plum disgusted with some of the letters that have been written me by members of the infidel gang. In one breath they tell me that Socialism has nothing to do with religion, and in the next breath they try to cram their infidel dope down my throat. Once more let me ask this question: If it is not the business of Socialism to meddle with a man's religious views, what in the devil does it keep on meddling for? Will some of you smart infidels please answer that?

Real Socialism is a fine thing, and it will some day cover the earth, but it must first cut loose from some of its "wild men" and get a little more "method in its madness." I know hundreds of good men who would be Socialists to-day except for the fact that so many of the party leaders are scoffers at religion. Of course every man has a right to his religious views, but he certainly has no right to put forward his private personal views on the subject of religion and insist on having them accepted as a part of the Socialist creed. The party should tell such fellows to either get out or keep their mouths shut. They are a plum nuisance.

Ted gave his hand to the colored brother of the North, and his foot to the colored brother of the South.

Dear Comrade:—You will find enclosed $1.20 for which send your paper to the enclosed names. Send me a large bundle—I don't care how many, I will see that they are placed in good hands. Enclose a sub blank in each one if it is not too much trouble. We could put out 5,000 samples if we had them. Yours truly, B. T. TILLER, Asheville, N. C.

(Mr. Tiller is the Socialist candidate for Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina.—Editor.)

The Bull Moose Party.

And so you want to know what I think of the new Progressive party, do you? Well, by George, you've come to headquarters for information. I am not one of these blamed little cowardly cusses that are afraid to tell you where they stand.

In the first place, I think the Progressive platform is all right, because it was stolen bodily from the Socialist party. Possibly it is even better suited to the present needs of this country than the real Socialist platform. But here is the trouble—it is stolen goods, and a man who will steal a political platform is none too good to steal something else.

For years I have been a blind worshipper of Theodore Roosevelt, and I still contend that he is the smartest man on top of God's earth to-day. In fact, I am honestly afraid he is so blamed smart that he is dangerous. Talk about personal magnetism!—that fellow has got enough for a dozen men. He reminds me of Napoleon in some respects. Strange indeed how he can sway the multitude! Nobody knows how he does, but there is something about him that wins people and blinds them to his faults.

Now listen here! Is the great Bull Moose sincere and honest in all these tearful declarations of love and devotion to the "dear peepul," or is he only playing a big bluff game? Just look at the gang of millionaires, trusts and corporations that are putting up the dough for Ted, and then give me your answer. The very idea of having the International Harvester Company and the Steel Trust to back up a party that is going to do such wonders for the "dear peepul!" Say, Mr. Working Man, how much interest do you suppose George W. Perkins has in your welfare? Just the same interest that a wolf has in a sheep, and no more. And yet Perkins is the official boss of the new party. That's all I want to know about it. Just another plutocratic pill sugar-coated with imitation Socialism—that's all.

Dear Sir:—I saw a copy of The Fool-Killer at Jenny Lind, Ark., and I just set my head to have it, so I went to work to get up a little club, and I soon succeeded in getting you a club of 30 subscribers at 15 cent per year, which is $4.50. I might have got more if I had had some sample copies. Now if you think there is anything coming to me you can extend my subscribtion as long as you want to for my trouble. All parties want the subscriptions to start with this month's paper if you can. You might send me a few sample copies—maybe I might do you some good yet. Wishing The Fool-Killer success, I am yours very truly,

R. M. POWELL,
Sallisaw, Okla., Box 282.

TILLMAN'S "TERROR."

Now, by the flowing whiskers of Moses, I guess the bull-dog's loose and the old musket loaded with flint rocks.

Old Ben Tillman has stuck his blind eye through a hole in the future and counted the wrinkles on the horns of Time.

With his prophetic yard-stick old Ben has measured the size of the battleships of the future, and he sees that the "race for supremacy" in battleship construction is destined to go right on and on if something ain't done.

You know how it is now—the United States builds a monster battleship, then Germany must build one a little bigger, and then of course England must cap it off with a still bigger one in order to keep ahead. After all the big nations have had a crack at it and each one has outdone somebody and, in turn, been outdone by somebody else, then the only thing possible is to start in and do it all over again on a little bigger scale. It all reminds me of a gang of little foul-mouthed, cigarette-sucking boys out behind the barn trying to see who can cuss the biggest and tell the biggest lies.

Ben thinks there must be a stopping place to that game somewhere, and he wants Uncle Sam to find it and go straight to it like a scared rat going to its hole.

The Tillman resolution recently passed by the Senate proposes for Uncle Sam to build "the greatest warship possible under modern naval conditions—the very greatest and best that the world has ever seen or ever will see." It proposes, further, to name the new ship "Terror" and make it the "peacemaker of the world."

Lawzy-massy sakes alive, honey, why hadn't somebody thunk of that before? Why, it's as simple as making two new shirts out of an old sock.

There haint no use o' talkin'—we jest pintedly got to have that battleship, now. We have been most a-dyin' for something and couldn't think what it was, and now I'll bet, by granny, that's what it was all the time.

Now, Ben, just hold your skillet and let me pour some of my sop in it.

Suppose we take your advice—who is going to set the limit beyond which no nation can ever possibly go?

Suppose our experts decide on a limit, and we stop there. And then suppose some other nation takes a fool notion that it can go a little bit further—and I'll bet you five cents it will, too.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

And then what are you going to do about that, I'd like to know?

As I see it, the mere matter of size is only limited by the amount of money and daredevilosity that a nation wants to invest. Get that started, and the next thing you know ten or twelve other nations would have "Terrors" of their own that could eat our "Terror" up for breakfast.

Ain't you got sense enough to see that that's what it would all amount to? 'Safact.

One more thought. Suppose we had a warship so tarnation big that there wasn't room in the ocean for anything else—so big that we'd have to move the islands to let the blamed thing turn around. And what could we do with a monster like that? What good would it be? Why, it would be like trying to kill a chinch with a saw-log. While we were getting our big awkward weapon ready to strike, a flock of flying-machines could sail over and drop enough dynamite to blow our big "peace-maker" clear t'other side of the moon.

TED, THE TERRIBLE.

I am me,
And me is I,
And I and myself are
The Whole Thing.
I have been president;
I am now an ex-president;
And I think it would please I
If I could remove the "ex."
I have had all the honor I need,
But I want I to have more.
I see I made a mistake
When I put Old Bill
In the place of I.
So I think I will give
I's job back to I.
I saw where I thought I
Could steal Socialism's hammer
And knock Socialism
In the head with it.
But I am afraid I have bit off
More than I can chaw.

(Editor's note:—Awful sorry, but I can't get any further with Ted's confession of faith, as I have used every capital I in the house.)

If you find something in The Fool-Killer that makes you mad—why, honey, you'll just have to scratch your mad place.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

Dear Comrade Pearson:- I am already taking nine Socialist papers, and I read the old party papers every day, but I just must have The Fool-Killer. So here is a club of eight. Say, old-timer, I don't much believe in lavishing too much eulogy and flowers on the graves of the dead, but with Ingersoll I would say, "Let us put wreaths on the brows of the living." And so I want to put wreaths on your brow. I think you are America's greatest editor, not even excepting Warren, Russell, Morgan, Smith and R. Don Laws. I believe in religion and God—and also in Christ. That's the reason I am a Socialist. If I was an infidel I would be a Republican, a Democrat or a Bull Moose. Socialism means not only economic freedom, but what is infinitely more, it means intellectual freedom and spiritual development. It means something to be an intellectual Socialist. It means something far more vital than can be expressed in mere words. It takes the deep, analytic research of a student to truly understand Socialism. No ordinary partizan political spouter can understand it—they don't want to. They would rather the present system of wholesale graft would continue. But there is a big surprise in store for that outfit in November. The vote that Debs and Seidel will roll up is a vote that "big biz" will never forget. On with the fight. Your comrade,

DAN C. GIBSON,
Muskogee, Okla.

Dear Pearson:

Since reading the July number of The Fool-Killer I have caught your spirit and feel that I must say a word or two or bust. I don't know when I ever read anything that did me as much good as your article, "The Political Pot Has Biled Over." It certainly has, and about half put the fire out, and I ain't sure the blamed old pot ain't cracked "for good and sartin." I agree with your ideas to a dot in regard to the infidel Socialists. They have no right to inject their heresies into the party, when, in fact, its PLATFORM doesen't do it. Your article on "The Socialism of Jesus" is a gem—the best thing you've written lately. The article on the American Eagle is a corker, and just as true as it is funny. I subscribed last winter to "laugh and grow fat," but I some times feel like I will laugh a lot of my fat off over some of your pieces. They are so true as well as funny. A funny truth is the funniest fun of all. You are on the right track, and you surely are killin' 'em. I want to get up a club for The Fool-Killer soon if I can get time. Long may your old goose-quill flop and your old press keep greasy. Very truly,

H. GREELY MILLER,
Russellville, Tenn.

GOOD-BYE, OLD SOX.

Just pour your weeps into David's tear-jug, give my old breeches to the beggars, plant the potatoes at the same place next year—I'm gone, and, by-gosh, I ain't a-comin' back.

Did I hear somebody say, "What's the matter now?"

Doggon your time, there's a gracious plenty the matter, if I can see straight. Next thing we know the gallopin' gals will cabbage onto every bloomin' thing we men folks have got to wear, and then we'll have to sneak into some of their deserted duds and join in the calf show with 'em.

They used to shake the very foundations of meek-eyed modesty by wearing stockings made out of the shadow of nothing with holes in it. But now—gee-whilikins!—reckon what? Why, sarn-take it, the dear things have made another wild grab at man's wardrobe, and this time his sox are missing. They were not satisfied to kidnap our plug hats, fried shirts, stand-alone collars, and pants with pistol pockets as big as a middling of meat, but the latest news is that they have bid farewell to sky-scraper stockings and gone to pasturing their calves in men's low-cut sox.

Out in Kansas City they say this new fad started, and it is as ketchin' as the measles and is spreading like wild fire. You see, when a new goslin hatches in the old goose-nest of fashion, the sarned thing starts out the very day it is born and travels faster than a lean black snake down a hill with a puppy after it. And every fool that sees it pass tries to follow it.

Take a fine, fat female form, harness it up in a hobbleskirt, poke its little pink tootsie-trotters in a pair of short silk sox that leave an intermission of about eight inches between where they stop at and where the skirt begins, and you've got something that's about three necks ahead of a moving picture show. You know it would make a fellow's blood curdle as sure as Dick's a Dutchman.

Honest, I declare this new style ought to be hit over the head with a sack of sawdust and addled while it's a goslin, for it is really calculated to make society nervous. If it's allowed to go on unchecked, and the women take possession of a few more of our garments, we men folks will soon have to wrap up in a tow sack and jump in the well.

"Diplomacy" is the Sunday-go-to-meeting name for slick-tongued lying.

SERMON BY BILLY THE FAT.

Now when Billy the Fat was notified that he had been nominated by the moss-backs and stand-patters at Chicago, he at once threw down his golf stick and went into the White House. And when he had seated himself and adjusted his smile, he taught the people, saying:

Blessed is Elihu Root, for he was a good chairman.

Blessed are those ninety stolen delegates, for I could not have been nominated without them.

Blessed are the nigger delegates, for they stuck to me like a cuckleburr to a cow's tail.

Blessed is the Steam Roller, for it is mighty useful.

Blessed is the political thief, for we just couldn't get along without him.

Blessed is the trust that contributeth to my campaign fund, for it shall not be bothered.

Blessed is the Pope of Rome, for he has promised me the Catholic vote.

Blessed are Jim Sherman and Chief Justice White, for they are both good Catholics.

Blessed is W. H. Lewis, my nigger Assistant Attorney General, for he is going to canvass the South in my behalf.

Blessed are the Mount Airy Leader, the Davie Record and the Saturday News, for they are the only papers in North Carolina that are supporting me.

Blessed is Wall Street, for it is my political adviser, and telleth me all things whatsoever I must do.

Blessed is the campaign liar, for he is my main dependence.

Here Billy the Fat paused and shifted his belly to the other knee, and continued after this manner:

Cursed is Roosevelt, for he is nearly as stubborn as I am.

Cursed is the Progressive party, for it had no business of being born.

Cursed are the Socialists, for they are always asking me embarrassing questions.

Cursed are all the other parties, for they will get lots of votes that I want.

Cursed are all reform movements, for they interfere with my business.

Enclosed find money order for 75 cents for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year. If you can spare a few sample copies send them to me and I will try to send more subs later. I subscribed last fall and like the paper so well I am willing to do what I can to increase its circulation.

J.G. Ellis, R3, Bx 58, Poolville, Tex.

Plutocracy Prays to the Pope.

Our political and spiritual Pappy who art in Rome, if thy holy foot isn't hurting thee too much we would like to pour a few supplications into thy best ear this morning.

Holy Pappy, we come tumbling down before thy bald-headed greatness like pouring rotten apples into a pig-pen. We admit, holy pappy, that we are all a pack of blamed fools, and that there is no man in America capable of doing his own thinking. That's why we are all depending on thee to lead us out of our present political trouble.

O holy pappy, we know that thou lovest us, and we pray thee to help us in this campaign.

Deliver unto us the Catholic vote, and we will soon deliver America into thy hands, bound and gagged.

We thank thee for what thou hast already done in America.

We thank thee for the city government of New York, where the Irish Catholic police force collects $2,600,000 in hush money from the robbers and gamblers every year.

We thank thee that practically all the chaplains in our army and navy are Catholic priests.

We thank thee for the valuable service thou hast rendered in helping the money power to get a strangle-hold on the throat of the people.

We thank thee for all the ignorance and superstition which thou hast sown and cultivated on American soil. For thou knowest, O pappy, that the more ignorant and depraved the people can be kept, the easier sailing it is for us slick ducks and political sharpers.

We pray thee, holy pappy, that thou wilt help us in some way to check the spread of Socialism. These blamed Socialists are the worst ememies we have. Thou knowest that the Republicans and Democrats love and worship thee, and the Progressives have never uttered one word against thee. But the hateful Socialists are eternally digging up some of thy devilment and asking fool questions about it. We wouldn't care so much, but it happens that their charges are true, and that's what hurts. Therefore we pray thee, O pappy, to swat the Socialists with a great and terrible swat. Swat 'em before they swat us. If it becomes necessary to fuse all other parties against the Socialists, don't hesitate to do it. And may thy will be done in America as it is in Italy, Mexico, and other half-civilized countries.

Amen.

A SERMON ON WAR.

Of course you understand that the name of The Fool-Killer does not mean that it actually believes in killing folks. It only wants to kill out their foolishness and learn them to have some sense.

Let that serve as an introduction to the sermon on war which follows.

You can notch it on the bedpost and mark it on the wall that the editor of this journal of justice is unalterably opposed to the legalized butchery they call war. And one of the reasons why my sympathies are with the Socialist party is because it is the only party that opposes war. It believes that it is just as wrong for a nation to murder men as it is for an individual to do the same thing. And that's my doctrine to a gnat's whisker.

This is a great Christian government, you know. It has a law against individual murder, and it will yank up a poor devil and jerk his knot off slicker than howdy for killing one man. And then the same Christian (?) government will wade in and murder a thousand or ten thousand men and brag about it. Darn such business, I say!

It is just as great a crime in the eyes of God for the government of the United States to kill a man as it would be for me to kill a man. Murder is murder—whether committed by a nation or an individual—and you can't make it anything else.

The only reason that war is possible is because so many of the common people of the world are blubbering fools. The big rich devils get all the wars started for their own financial benefit, and then they force the poor dogs to the front to do the fighting and get killed. That's all the reason there is for war, and that's a mighty durn poor one. If the big-bellied bankers and plug-hatted politicians had to march out and stick up their own booze-bloated bay-windows as a target to shoot at, they wouldn't be so drotted keen about it. When the poor man gets sense enough to refuse to fight the rich man's battles, then war will cease.

Dear Pearson:—You may remember the publisher of The Searchlight in our amateur days of a few years ago. I did not think very highly of your publications at that time, but I want to say there is a great field for The Fool-Killer today, and I shall be pleased to help in making it a power in the land. Yours truly,

HARRY R. MARLOW,
Warren, Ohio.

What does old Senater DuPont represent in our great House of Lords? Not a blamed thing but the powder trust, and you know it.

WHAT IS WHAT.

BY H. GREELY MILLER.

A man buys a thing for $1.00 and sells it for $2.00 without adding a durn red cent to its value, and that's profit.

A fellow with more cunning alacrity, brutality, superior acumen or pure fool luck runs across a valuable something and claims to be its rightful sole owner, simply and solely because he beat somebody else to it. That's discovery.

An estate is handed down thru generations. The original owners may have either stolen, cheated, swindled, grabbed, ground, lied or wheedled to get it. But now it's inheritance.

A man "holds stock" and sits or lies in the shade and earns nary a nick, but lives on the fat of the land, and only benefits the world like a fat hog—by dying. That's income.

The man who has an "income" lives without earning a red cent or doing a solitary useful act. That's a gentleman of leisure.

Another man has no income and does nothing useful. That's a hobo or tramp.

A poet or musician composes a masterpiece and sells it for bread to keep from begging or stealing. After he is dead, another man copyrights it and gets rich, while the author in his humble grave gets fame. That's genius.

A skilled worker takes a little straw worth 2 cents, a few feathers worth 5 cents, a nickel's worth of ribbon, a few artificials worth from 2 to 5 cents, and conjures up a combination of indescribable and senseless form which serves for a lady's headgear. That's art.

A hat or frock goes out of style and wifey or daughter wouldn't have it as a gift. Next year it comes back into style, and father sells a cow and calf and buys it. That's fashion.

A man invests his money in the right thing at the right time and gets rich. He's a financier.

Another man invests in the wrong thing at the wrong time and hits the ceiling. He's a fool.

An uneducated Irishman or Italian labors ten or twelve hours a day for $1.50, but earns $8.00 or $10.00 for the stockholders in a railroad. That's labor.

The official exercises lordship over a nation, and that's statecraft.

The soldier fights for it, and that's patriotism.

The priest prays for it, and that's divinity.

The attorney pleads for it, and that's law.

The producing masses make every red cent of the wealth and foot up the whole durned bill. That's production.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1912. NO. 7.

He Wouldn't Last Long.

If a pure tallow man to the hot place went
For something that he'd done wrong,
He might get a moment of punishment,
But he wouldn't last long.

If a big camp-meeting was in full swing
And the feeling was running strong,
The devil might happen to shout and sing,
But he wouldn't last long.

If a man who's afraid to climb a tree
Should join the angel throng
And start to heaven, it seems to me
That he wouldn't last long.

If a man with a million or two in change
Feels that his chance is strong,
He might get in on the stock exchange,
But he wouldn't last long.

If a man had to wear all the kinds of dress
That deck the female throng,
He might not die in a week, I guess,
But he wouldn't last long.

—J. L. P.

What the Wage Slave Works For.

The poor wage slave works a day for a dollar to buy grub to give him strength to work another day for another dollar to buy more grub to give him more strength to work another day for another dollar to buy more grub to give him more strength to work another day for another dollar to buy more grub to give him more strength to work another day for another dollar to buy more grub to give him more strength to work another day for another dollar to buy more grub to give him more strength to work another day for another dollar to buy a pine coffin to bury him in.

Man's inhumanity to children makes countless factories successful.

Jevver notice how much more eloquent a big salary makes a preacher, or a lawyer, or anybody else who is selling eloquence?

HOW MUCH WILL YOUR BELLY HOLD?

Oh, golly, golly!

And then some more golly!

And golly agin!

The question before the house is, "How much will your belly hold?"

Ain't you seen the day, mister, when you would have been glad to get fifteen cents' worth of corn cake and cow corpse to put under your belt?

How many times in your life have you poked your feet under the table and put away a round thousand dollars' worth of eatables at one sitting?

Nary time, by gosh!

Ain't that right?

Well, anyhow, it must be some satisfaction for you to know that they do make bellies with a thousand dollar capacity, even if yours is a fifteen-center.

Listen:

My old friend and companion, the Ass-ociated Press, has just handed me a story that will make a jimdandy stack-pole for some of my literary fodder.

It seems that one of our millionaire madams had a hundred thousand more of these-here old troublesome dollars than she had any use for, and she wanted to get rid of them right quick. And so the old gal concluded to give a big dinner to some of her foolish friends.

The story goes on to relate how several months were spent in preparation for that big chawfest, and how they ransacked all creation to find expensive whimididdles to hang onto the tail-end of that dinner. It must have taken the perverted imagination of forty-leven crazy caterers to think up enough newfangled society nonsense to amount to a hundred thousand dollars.

Among other things, they captured hundreds of beautiful butterflies and birds of rare plumage and turned them loose in the great dining hall to the surprise and delight of the gold-plated guests.

There were a hundred eaters present, and each vittle-box was figured to hold $1,000 worth of grub.

Now don't that beat the very Old Scratch? Think of spending a hundred thousand dollars on one big eat, and giving it to a gang of gilded gazooks who are plenty able to buy their own grub!

If that money had been spent for good solid rashions and divided among 100,000 poor hungry families, it would have been a real blessing.

But no-sir-ee-bob! These high-flying hellians who have money to burn would faint at the suggestion of doing anything useful.

A FOOT-RACE WITH TIME.

The August issue of The Fool-Killer was mailed on the 31st of August. Just did hit the old month on the tip end of its afterwards as it went galloping by, swinging to the flying coat-tails of old Daddy Time. Now I don't like that kind of a come-off one bit better than you fellers do, and if the Lord lets me live and the sheriff don't sell me out for taxes, I am going to make the doggondest effort ever you saw to slip up and grab Mr. Time where the wool ain't quite so short. In other words, I want to get to sending out the paper at the first of each month. But after getting so far behind, it will take some time to catch up. If nothing bigger than a shoestring breaks, this issue will be a little earlier than the last one, and I'll keep inching along by degrees like the cat eat the maddick till finally I'll make a home run and wipe my brogans on your door-step the first of each month. Just hold your impatience in one hand and your Fool-Killer in the other and tell all the folks howdy for me.

Have You Been "Investigated?"

Oh, dear me!

What a wicked and unreliable set we all are, anyhow!

'Tain't never safe no more for nobody to trust nobody about nothin'.

Everybody and everything must be "investigated."

Hurrah!

Come on, boys, and let's all be investigated, and have it done and over with.

You investigate me.

And I'll investigate you.

And then we'll join hands and investigate the other fellow.

After which the other fellow will join hands with some other fellow and investigate us.

We will all find each other guilty of something.

But hush!

Don't say a word about it.

We are all in trouble together.

And we all want to get out.

I'll lie for you if you'll lie for me.

We'll all join hands around and prove by each other that we are all as pure and innocent as unborn babes.

And the fool people will never know any better.

They will be satisfied to know that we have been investigated, and they won't think to inquire who did the job.

And then we can proceed with our devilment without being under suspicion.

Do you catch on?

Ha, ha, ha!

Verily, this investigating business is the immortal truck, anyhow.

Now, boys, as a parting word I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. The Fool-Killer will get better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

The Suffragettes are now receiving candy and flowers from all parties.

Mary had a little lamb, and now that the price has dropped a little, she can have a little more.

When Tom Platt made Roosevelt vice-president he certainly had no conception of what he was starting.

Let the other papers do the boosting. The Fool-Killer's business is to knock, and its hammer is never idle.

Truth is like rubber—if you stretch the blamed thing too far it is liable to fly back and hurt you.

All roads lead to Rome; also all lead away from it. It depends on which way you think you are going.

There are lots of funny things to be seen in this world, and among them is a fat woman sitting on a little piano stool.

If Bill Taft had been born a Filipino aud Teddy Roosevelt a Spaniard, don't you reckon some things would have been different?

Many women prefer a poodle dog above all things; others want a man, but some of them want him as near a poodle as possible, dog-gone it!

The man who works himself to death to get more money than he needs reminds me of the garter snake that died in the attempt to swallow a dead mule.

Te, he, he! I bet the reason a rabbit ain't got no tail is because it takes so much to make his ears that there ain't no material left for his tail.

Some wise sort of a fool down in South Carolina is building a plant to extract nitrogen from the air just like a female dentist pulling a feller's artificial tooth, and he is going to manufacture the air into stable manure without having a hoss in forty miles of it.

A cathedral costing millions of dollars was built in New York to worship a Savior in who had no place he could call home, from the income mostly from tenement houses where the death rate from tuberculosis is so high they are ashamed to talk about it. Salvation is free, but in some places, if you haven't got the money to get up to the bargain counter, hell is your home. What a pity it is to be poor like Jesus was!

WHY I DON'T PRINT 'EM.

Almost every mail brings me one or more articles for publication in The Fool-Killer. Most of these articles are on live subjects, well written and full of good sound sense, and in every way worthy of publication. But the one great trouble about them is this—they are not written in "Fool-Killer style." Some of them contain more sense and reason than anything I can write, but they lack the droll, sassy, flat-footed manner of of expression which has made The Fool-Killer so popular. The world is full and running over with good, smooth, sensible reading matter. So many thousand writers are sending out that kind of stuff that it simply cannot attract any attention. If a little one-hoss editor like me expects to be noticed among all the big guns, he's just got to kick up his heels and act the fool a little as he goes along. I learned years ago that people would rather be tickled than taught, and I had that fact in mind when I started The Fool-Killer. My plan was to make a man laugh right big, and then cram the truth down him while his mouth was open. It has worked like a charm so far, and I guess it will continue to work. I'll risk it, anyhow.

Boys, I would be the gladdest in the world to print all your letters and articles which you have been so kind as to send me, but for the reasons stated above I simply can't do it. Fifteen thousand people have subscribed to The Fool-Killer for the purpose of reading my own sassy, fool talk, and I must try to give them what they paid for.

Once in awhile I can print a short, breezy personal letter from a subscriber, but I positively can't give space to long, dry, argumentative articles, no matter how well written.

In almost every political convention I read about I see it stated that "Bedlam Broke Loose." Wonder why in the mischief they don't tie Bedlam so he can't get loose?

Say, mister, if you don't like this paper you can just pacify your sweet self with the thought that it wasn't made for you, nohow. There are plenty of others who do like it.

When I pass by a man's house and see the front yard covered with dog tracks and old dried-up chaws of terbacker, I could sit down on the next stump I come to and write the whole history of that family.

Tote your Fool-Killer in your pocket and show it to everybody you see.

J. L. PEARSON.

HOWDY! THIS IS ME!

Well, boys, I just thought you might like to take a peep at the bread-and-butter side of my hat-rack, and so here it is. The artist said he could have made a better picture if he had had something better to work from.

This being my birth-month, I thought it would not be out of place to stick up my ugliness and let you-all take a peep at it.

Like nearly all other great men, I selected a log cabin to be born in. The cabin was located on Berry's Mountain, about four miles from Moravian Falls, and I became an occupant of that cabin on Septemeer 13th, 1879—just 33 years ago by the watch.

I never went to school more than twelve months in my life, and have no education except what I just "picked up" here and yander. Worked on the farm until I was 21, then drifted into the printing office. My career as a printer has been full of ups and downs—mostly downs.

Three years ago I had nothing, and was in debt for that. With no money, and no way of making any, I was strictly "up against it" if ever a man was. In a fit of desperation I started The Fool-Killer, not knowing whether it would lead to success or starvation. For some unaccountable reason the drotted thing seemed to have the guts of life in it right from the start. The very audacity of the thing seemed to effect the public sorter like hitting a man in the belly with a baseball, and they thought, by jinkity, they had better subscribe and see what in the devil I was up to.

And so it came to pass that The Fool-Killer was a howling success right from the jump-go. The income from it has afforded me and my widow a fairly decent living, besides enabling me to buy several hundred dollars worth of printing machinery and fit up an office for making Fool-Killers right.

The Candidate.

With a jug of corn likker,
And a tongue even slicker
Than ever was known in the earlier days,
He starts out to travel,
And paw up the gravel,
And raise merry hell in a number of ways.

He stops at a city,
And —oh, what a pity!—
He goes in a house and proceedeth to speak;
He speaks till the winders
Are broke all to flinders,
And the old shingles rattle for nearly a week.

A few solid voters,
And all of the floaters—
The riff-raff of every political craft—
Come crowding and pressing,
Their sins all confessing,
And asking a slice of his juciest graft.

The world's full of tronble,
And life is a bubble
That floats on the crest of an ocean of sin;
But my greatest objection
At every election
Is the chronic spell-binder a-workin' his chin.

J. L. P.

When We Don't See Alike.

My first duty as an editor is to be true to my own honest convictions, and wherever they lead me I must follow. If I believe a thing to-day, and to-morrow become convinced that I was mistaken, I am just fool enough to admit my error and try to get right. That's me. Prejudice is a mighty poor foundation for anybody to stand on.

I ain't expecting The Fool-Killer to please everybody that reads it. My business is to knock things right and left, and I am the aptest in the world to biff you one on the busser if you get in my way. People don't always subscribe for this thing just to get pleased, nohow. They subscribe to see what in the tarnal mischief old Pearson is going to say next.

Say, pardner, answer me this: Ain't you got more respect for the man who honestly disagrees with you and tells you so than you have for the little old whining whimperdink who agrees with everything and ain't got no more convictions than a toad-frog?

Sure you have.

Then give me your 'tater-grabbler on this proposition, and the next time The Fool-Killer happens to tread on your sore toe, just smile like a Mormon preacher and say to yourself, "Well, that's all all the sense old Pearson's got, but he is honest in it—and so just let him rip!"

A man will turn his cuffs to save 3 cents on his laundry bill, and celebrate his economy by smoking a 15 cent cigar.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

UNCLE BEN.

Once upon a time there was a feller named Ben Franklin. Benjamin was the tail-end of a procession of seventeen Franklin offsprings. His first wise act was to choose Boston for his birthplace.

During of Ben's kidhood days he engaged in the greasy and interesting occupation of furnishing taller candles to the people of Boston. As that was way back in the dark ages, and being as there was no Sherman law then, Ben done a good business and soon saved up enough kail-seed to allow him to retire from the candle buisness and "accept a position" as printer's devil. But Boston printers hardly ever raise the devil, and as our hero thought he deserved a promotion, he packed up his little bag and baggage and beat his way on a freight train as far as Philidelphy.

Benjamin made his first big hit in the Quaker City by waltzing up Main street with two loaves in his mouth and one under his arm.

After working around at several different printshops, Ben decided to go into the almanac business. He made good at that too.

One day when there was a thunderstorm and Ben having took on to much budge, got out a kite and started flying it. As a result he was struck by a small portion of lightning and an idea that was as bright as the lightning. Benny turned the lightning loose, but kept the idea and passed it along to a few of his friends. They thought it a good idea, which proved to be correct.

He left a number of copies of his autobiography, a book that is full of good old advice, but it has been used so doggone little that it is most as good as new.

Thomas A. Edison, the great electrical wizard, says that the day is coming when machinery will be so perfected by invention that practically all the work of the world will be done by pressing an electric button, without employing much labor. When that day comes the people must collectively own that button or individually starve to death.

A Sermon on Gals.

We often hear some of our old folks say. "The gals ain't nothin like what they was when I was young." Well, no they ain't. They have changed a whole lot. But they ain't the same gals nohow.

Up north a few days ago a feller who had been sentenced to life imprisonment was pardoned. He had been in a cell, cut off from the world, for thirty years and had not seen any changes that had taken place durin' that time. A newspaper man asked him what he thouht had changed most. "Well," said he, "everything has changed mighty, but I reckon gals has changed more than anything else. Thirty years ago a gal wore a hoop-skirt as big around as a hogshead, but now they wear a dress that looks like one leg of a dude's britches and their figure is flat and oblong like a pencil-case. The way the gals have changed surprised me a lot more than automobiles and airships."

Hanged if they ain't changed.

Nowadays when a little gal finds she has a sweet, purty voice she wants to light out to some city to go on the stage and feels disapp'inted if she can't git to go. But she hadn't oughter be. She can be a song-bird in the home nest.

Many a purty gal thinks jist because she is good-lookin' she ain't made for nothin' but to look at. She will set herself in every window, on every street corner, hang around the depot, and set in the most conspicuous place in church, so as to show herself. She keeps on actin' and believin' that way till she soon gits so she ain't good for nothin' else. And by the time she gits to be a middle-aged woman she is the weakest and sickenin'est of human beings—a faded beauty.

A feller can nearly allus find a gal who can play a pianner, sing or dance, or paint picters to amuse him, but the pore cuss often goes a-beggin' for a wife who can sew on buttons, patch his britches when the gable-end of them gits raggedy, or cook his feed with economy and flavor it to suit his taste.

A man's stomach is sorter round-like, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that funny?

THE ARSENAL OF FOOL.

Why is it that you see everywhere opulent wealth on one hand and abject poverty on the other?

Why is it that though the mills and elevators are bursting with grain, the groceries and markets full of meats, fruits and vegetables, thousands of our people are but half fed?

Why are the clothing stores piled to the ceiling with clothing, yet thousands are but half clothed?

Why do we always have an army of unemployed, with two million children working in mills and factories?

Why do 75 per cent of our people pay rent when five sixths of land is idle and unoccupied?

Why do we preach against taxation without representation, and then howl against equal suffrage?

Why do we pretend to love and respect our women, and then class them with criminals, idiots and aliens?

If the average worker produces $3,000 of wealth per annum and receives back $600 in wages, what becomes of the other $2,400?

When the protected interests in this country pay sixteen million dollars into a campaign fund for one Grand Old Party, and then sixteen million more into a campaign fund for the other G. O. P., do they know beforehand just about what they are going to get in return, or is it a mere matter of patriotism?

Why should a class of people whose interests are identical vote against each other?

Why do we always fight effects, and apparently forget that there never was an effect without a cause?

A Monkey Or A Fool.

There is a feller in the University of Missouri who is either a monkey or a fool. Here is the complete story:

Dr. E. T. Bell, of the University Medical Department, claims to have discovered among all the students of the school just one poor fellow who positively descended from a monkey. Doc has found a bump on the student's ear which he says is a never-failing sign.

Shucks, Doc, that might have been a 'skeeter bite, for all you know.

But if the student thus accused of being a monkey's grandson don't cause a two-handed club to descend onto the head of that professor, dogged if I won't begin to believe he is guilty of the charge.

Send in that club, quick!

The Jaw-Bone of An Ass.

Once in a far-off country,
So I've heard the old folks say,
There lived a man named Sampson,
Unforgotten to this day.

And Sampson loved a maiden—
Delilah was the lass—
And Sampson slaughtered thousands
With the jaw-bone of an ass.

Now Sampson tore up lions,
And lugged off city gates,
And Sampson tore down temples—
So history relates.

And Sampson was the strongest man
That ever trod the grass;
That's why he killed his thoudands
With the jaw-bone of an ass.

But all this happened years ago,
And the world moves on apace,
And the big-mouthed politician
Has taken Sampson's place.

He ain't so strong as Sampson was,
But he's in the Sampson class,
Because he tries to kill us all
With the jaw-bone of an ass.

J. L. P.

LOVE AND TOBACCO.

By Robert Quillen.

This paper has never, to its knowledge, given any one license to believe that it would or could run a "Questions and Answers" department, but on the other hand it has never attempted to shirk responsibility, and it will not do so now.

A young lady, unknown to the editor, has sent in the following touching appeal:

"Dear Editor: I am engaged to a very nice young man who chews tobacco. I love him, but he won't quit chewing—and I hate the taste of it. Would you advise me to marry him anyway, or not?"

This is a very serious affair. Most decidedly I would NOT advise you to marry him. Furthermore I can heartily second your antipathy to the taste of second-hand Brown's mule.

Many otherwise perfectly good love affairs have been snuffed out by tobacco.

There was once a young man named Carl who chewed tobacco and loved a young lady—both very hard and both at the same time. He used to court her with an overgrown chaw in one side of his face, and talk out of the other side. While honeyed words dripped from one corner of his mouth good rich essence of tobacco leaf dripped from the other corner. The more ardent the young fellow became, the more enthusiastically he chewed, and when he got wound up on his proposal he shed juice like a sprinkling cart.

Nevertheless, the girl accepted him, chaw and all, for better or for worse, and probably would have married him if it hadn't been for her Pa.

It happened this way. It was summer time, and the young folks sat in the parlor, close to a window. Pa leaned back in a chair against a tree outside, listening to their yumyumming. It was a very dark night and neither the girl nor Carl knew that Pa was on the job.

Carl was repeating, for the seven-hundredth time that evening, that he loved her like a muley cow loves salt, and with each word he chomped down on his quid. Before he had finished his first sentence his mouth was running over and he leaned his head back to hold the tide. Still he talked on, his words coming rather splashy and thick. His mouth was open and he had quit trying to chew. He was nearly drowned when at length the little oration was finished, and with a deep, long-drawn sigh of relief he turned his flooded jaws toward the window, puckered up and let 'er fly.

Pa had been working hard that day and he was sleepy. It was past his bedtime, anyway. Exactly at the same time Carl loosed that flood from out his face, Pa turned toward the window, shut his eyes, stretched out his arms, and yawned.

Of course it wasn't Carl's fault, and the old man had no business there anyway, especially with his mouth open. But it goes to show that trouble will follow a chaw.

There was another case of a young man who told his sweetheart's youngest brother that tobacco chewing would make whiskers grow on his face. The boy tried, but swallowed the juice. It made hair grow on the inside of his stomach and after it got long and curly it tickled him to death. Just before he died a young doctor was called in, and he made the boy swallow a safety razor, but it was too late then.

Three Fools Heard From.

It seems that there ain't so awful many infidels in the Socialist movement, after all. At least, if they are there, they are learning to keep their lip out of The Fool-Killer's business. I did some pretty straight talking along that line in my August issue, and I fully expected to get a general and concerted "cussing out" from the wild men—the agnostics and infidels—of the party. Now, how many "kicks" do you reckon I got? About three, I think. And two of them came from men (I reckon they pass for men) who evidently don't know enough to keep out of the fire, without being tied to the bed-post. They put me in mind of a blind bumblebee trying to fly through a glass window. Just flop and flutter, splurge and sputter, is all they can do. It would be amusing if it wasn't so pitiful.

DOGS, DOGS, DOGS!

By Ray L. Barlow.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Mrs. J. M. Herndon, a wealthy Pasadena woman, went to Venice to-day in her largest touring car, drove to the dog pound and told the keeper to lead out all the canines confined there and she would give them a joy-ride. As the invitation also included himself, Poundmaster Jeager was not long in getting out the animals—about fifteen curs of all descriptions. They jumped all over the automobile and Mrs. Herndon, but she seemed to enjoy it and directed the chauffer to speed up and the run began.—N. Y. World.

Now by Gees! By the great horned toad's wigglin' tail! But don't that beatche? It's enough to beat everything to a frazzel, that is everything except dogs. I've hearn of these 'ere wimmen folks that loves poodles betteren anything on this whole earth, but it seems that all dogs look alike to Mrs. Herndon.

I'll betche that Mrs. Herndon never in all her life took that old buzz wagon of hern around and picked up little children at the orphanage and carried them around on joyrides, and I sorter guess you will not bet your old buck-skin purse and contents that she ever has, if you did you'd be a goner.

Mrs. Herndon would not enjoy having a car full of children as she enjoyed that car full of nasty, stinkin' curs. No sir-ee, she must have a pack of dogs a yelpin' all around her.

It is a shame to any civilized country where they take dogs out joyrides, and leave little children hungry, starving, lame and blind, crowded in the dirty tenements, without joy or pleasure. But such is the condition the swell society of this country is wallowing in today.

By Geeminy, tho! Just think about it, will you—fifteen jumping, scrambling, yelping dogs in one car. Wasn't that a canine collection, tho? Wouldn't it have made you puke, honey? I kinder think it would have made me vomit to beat an old mammy hen scratchin' for worms for the biddies.

Prayer and Politics.

Oh, Mister South Carliny,
Who's got your candy now?
And don't you beat the dickens
At votin', anyhow?

You prayed to beat the devil
That wickedness should cease;
And then you went, by granny,
And cast your vote for Blease.

If you ain't learned your lesson,
I hope you will some day;
Next time you pray for something,
Go vote the way you pray.

J. L. P.

Howdy, Simon! Have you subscribed for The Fool-Killer yet?

Come Ahead, Bro. Hale.

Dear Bro. Pearson:

I received your Fool-Killer last Saturday and read it through in the first half hour, and then read it over again after dinner just for a digester. Say, brother, but I'll be tetotally hornswoggled if The Fool-Killer ain't the dingbustedest flamdoodlest red pepper I've tried to swallow for a long time. I am sending you another quarter and I want you to send me another copy. I want one to keep to read when I get the blues, and the other to give away. I will likely send for more soon. It's good for you when you don't know what's the matter with you, and I know lots of people who are troubled with that complaint now.

I am going South just as soon as I can sell what I have here, and may stumble into your sanctum. Who knows? I am tired and completely disgusted with this competitive hell in the commercial world, and am just aching to get on a little farm down in Dixie somewhere where I can sit under my own vine and fig tree, dig my own taters and quit living out of paper bags and tin cans. So send The Fool-Killer along. It may be the means of finding us a home among your people one of these fine days.

Yours for a better time coming,
A. D. HALE,
Lacey, Wash.

Did you ever notice how quick a rich man gets poor when he dies? Talk about "dyin' a pauper!" I'd like for somebody to tell me of any one who did not die a pauper.

Whenever I get so near out of business that I have to go around tattling about my neighbors, hang-taked if I won't hike out to Africa and sell patent calf tracks to the sons of Ham.

A correspondent wants to know why so many thieves live in cities. Lawzy massy, mister, that's easy! So many folks there doin' nothin' that they just got to steal or perish to death.

With my new printing equipment, which I installed last winter, I can handle a circulation of 75,000 easy enough. So fall in line, boys, and help me cover the earth with Fool-Killers.

I believe in independence in all things. Worship at any church you please, vote as you please, court as you please. If the girl and old man don't object, you have the right to go barefooted if you have no shoes. If you have no common sense of your own, there is no law to compel you to use the stuff.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1912. NO. 8.

GOIN' AWAY.

I'm goin' away on the evenin' train—
Goin' to be gone for a right smart spell;
Looks sorter cloudy an' looks like rain—
Guess I better take my umberell.

Wind's from the north an' it may turn cold,
An' I've got a ticklin' in my throat;
Wouldn't get sick for a bag of gold—
Guess I better take my overcoat.

When I get out to Sam's and Jane's
I know their table will be a treat;
But there ain't no certainty in them trains—
Guess I better take me a snack to eat.

Always get dirty on that-thar ride,
Though I can't tell as it ever hurts;
But just for the sake of a little pride,
Guess I better take me a change of shirts.

Might get asked to a brilliant ball
Where I could dance with a painted beaut.
Now what if I was to? Hang it all,
Guess I better take my evenin' suit.

If I'm goin' out for a high old time—
If I'm going to go the pace that kills—
I just won't look at a measley dime—
Guess I better take me a roll of bills.

Might meet up with a robber band,
As wealthy travellers often do;
An' so, in order to stand my hand,
Guess I better take my forty-two.

Say, this old suit-case ain't no good—
'Tain't goin' to hold all this-here junk;
Done crammed in just all I could—
Guess I better take my biggest trunk.

I'd hate like thunder to get most there
An' then think of somethin' that I'd forgot;
So, in order to keep my business square,
Guess I better take my house an' lot.

Aw, plague the luck! I'll just declare
It's too much trouble to run about,
An' I ain't got the time to spare—
Guess I better give my journey out.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

A man and his wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

Hain't Never Done Nothin'.

That terrible sad and weepy publication known as "Life," which tries so devilish hard to be funny, has presented the following list of negations as evidence that Woodpile Wilson would make an acceptable president:

He is not a lawyer.
He has no war record.
He does not care for hunting bears or other wild creatures.
He has never been a judge and does not boast of a judicial temperament.
He has not spent his life holding political office.
He does not come into prominence on account of either the death or the favor of his predecessor.

All of which is equally true of me. Now why in the thunder wouldn't I do?

Not Worth The Price.

K. Lamity's Harpoon preaches a whole sermon in the following paragraph:

"It costs the public ten hundred thousand dollars to manufacture a millionaire, and as a rule he isn't worth a dam to the country after it gets him."

Now if I was a cussin' man I would say it just that way. But as I don't cuss, you may just take K. Lamity's word for it.

Great is "Property!"—Amen!

A certain paper which is a bran-new convert to Bullmooseism is powerful tickled at the prospect of having Roosevelt to "stand between wild Socialism and the property interests of this country." Why, uv course. "Property interests" are very sacred things in this country, but mere "human interests" are not worth talking about. Say, fellers, I'll tell ye—we've all made a devil of a mistake in being born humans. If we want the government's "protection" we must get transformed into some kind of "property." Which would you rather be, a sawmill or a pet pig, a railroad or a jackass?

A POLITICAL LOVE AFFAIR.

Teddy Boy Speaks:

"Oh dear Miss Peepul, me uv oo harder'n a mule can kick. Me uv oo ten sousand bushels. Goo, goo, goo! Does oo uv oo's Teddy Boy? Oh, honey, me des willin' to die for oo, me uv oo so dood. Ugh! By George! Me see some old mean mans a-comin' to spark me's honey-bunch. Now, honey, oo des huddle up here to me. Don't oo div dem old mean mans nary tiss. Don't oo let 'em hold dem tweet hands, nuvver. Nobody ain't dot no wight to oo only oo's Teddy Boy. Ain't dat wight? Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Billy the Fat Speaks:

"Law, law, Miss Peepul, who is this you are spooning with? I say, Big Tooth, you hike out of here. Just tote your freight, now. This is my gal. We have been sweethearts for years. I love her, and she loves me, and I ain't going to be cut out by no such a looking thing as you. Now git! (Turning to Miss Peepul): Tum here, honey, and tiss oo's old fat boy. Oh, darling, me's uv for oo am des too deep for words. Me tan't desquibe it, honey, but, oh, me des feels all over meself. Does oo feel dat-a-way, too, honey? Me teach old Big Toof how to steal me honey-gal. Dat me will! Now div oo's big boy anuvver tiss. Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Woody Wilson Speaks:

"Gee-whiz! I see two fellers yander with a girl. And doggoned if I don't believe it's that beautiful Miss Peepul. Shore's I'm born it is. And that's old Big Tooth and Big Smile trying to make love to her. The old self-conceited fools! I'll fix their clock—see if I don't. I'll have 'em to know that I'm some lady-killer myself. (Woody approaches and speaks to Miss Peepul): Good-morning, Miss Peepul! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Wilson. I am said to be the handsomest and most popular man in the country. And I'll swear you are the prettiest girl I ever saw, so what's to hinder us from getting up a case? Can I sit down here? That's a good girl. Can I put my arm around you? Oh, you sweet thing! Doggon'd if I ain't heels over head in love with you a-ready! Do you love me, sweetness? Then kiss me. Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Teddy Boy:—"Say, you confounded imposters, git away from here. This is my gal."

Billy the Fat;—"You're an infernal liar—she's mine."

Woody:—"You are both blamed liars—she belongs to me. Hike out, both of you, and let us alone."

Teddy Boy:—"Hay-ah! Hay-ah! Dad-gum! Liar! Hypocrite! Mollycoddle! Polecat! Son-of-a-gun! She's my gal, I tell ye—I love her the best!"

Billy the Fat:—"'Tain't so, you goggle-eyed gazook—I love her the best."

Woody:—"Ho, darn it! Golly-whoop! Git out, you blankety-blank grandsons of Ananias! She is mine—I love her the best!"

All Three at Once:—"Yow-yow—git—confound—love—liar—my—oh!—ouch!—love—gal—biff!—thump!—sprawl!—oh!—hel-hel-hel-help!"

A New Wrinkle On His Horn.

It was the first automobile he had ever seen, and he yanked his team aside as it passed, closely followed by a motorcycle. "I hearn lots about them things," he yelled, "but consarn my skin if I ever hearn they had colts before."

The reason doctors hold "consultations" with each other is because one doctor can often think of something to operate for which hasn't occurred to the other.

Pass this paper around till it is worn out, and then send for another copy. Help me introduce it into every home in America.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Editor, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., " " "
Publisher, " " "
J. L. PEARSON, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1912.
J. R. PARLIER, J. P.
My commission expires April, 1913.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

I'm tolerable, thank ye. How are you?

Well, the agony of suspense will soon be over.

Get up a club for The Fool-Killer today.

This old world is a plum sight, anyhow.

If the moon had a baby, would the sky-rocket?

If you've got any sense, now's the time to use it.

Taftites and crawfishes believe in going backwards.

Hello, buddy! What are you doing to help circulate The Fool-Killer?

Everything is high in this country except our state of civilization.

That ugly knot on the top of your neck—has it got any brains in it?

A deck of cards is nothing but a bundle of admission tickets to hell.

If you are going to sell your vote at all, you had better swap it for some brains.

You can get justice in our courts—if you have enough money to pay for it.

An old philosopher said once that reading maketh a full man. So does a quart of red likker.

A gang of sheep wouldn't elect a wolf to rule over them. Have you got as much sense as a sheep?

If politics is too nasty for women to dabble in, ain't that a drotted poor recommendation for the men?

This has grown to be a country of the millionaires, by the millionaires, and for the millionaires. If it ain't so the devil's a witch.

Do you reckon they'll charge a-body house rent in heaven? If not, where in the gee-whiz do the big stuck-up churches get their authority for charging pew rent?

The church member who can look sanctimonious and pray two hours at a whet on Sunday, and then go out Monday morning and sell his poor ignorant neighbor seven red gullies, three pine bushes and a crawfish hole for a thousand dollars—he's the kind of infernal scamp that has brought religion into disrepute. His influence breeds skeptics and doubters as naturally as a dead hoss breeds maggots.

Hard Luck.

His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost six cows in a poker game;
Then a hurricane came on a summer's day
And blew the house where he lived away;
Then an earthquake came when that was gone
And swallowed the land that the house was on;
Then the tax collector came around
And collected tax on a hole in the ground.

A fetch-taked fool from Virginia wrote me three pages of sporific sputterings that sounded like bull-frog drowning in a tub of molasses, and forgot to sign his name, of course. Come again, old puke, and bring your nasty name along, so I can maul the eternal tar out of you and feed you to the buzzards.

The term, "Christian nation," which we see and hear so often, is a bald-headed, bare-faced misnomer. There is not a Christian nation on the face of God's earth today. There never has been such a nation, and never will be, until God Himself takes charge of things and makes the old devil high-ball.

All men are not born equal—in the matter of brains and ability. Some are sharp, keen-witted and far-sighted, with an almost uncanny knack of making money. Others are good harmless simpletons who can work but can't manage. Of course the sharper will take advantage of the simpleton if he can, but what we need is a law that won't let him do it.

Speaking of letters, here are the facts in the case: I have on hand about three bushels of jim-dandy good letters from the nice folks who read this paper, and I would like to print every one of them. But you see I ain't got room. It don't seem right to select a few and print them and leave out hundreds more just as good. So I have compromised the matter by not printing any letters at all this time.

Most editors count three readers to each copy printed, and figuring on that basis, this issue of The Fool-Killer will be read by 60,000 people. The fact is, it will be read by more than that, as each copy that goes into a neighborhood is usually handed around from one to another till it is worn out. Every person that reads it or hears it read wants to subscribe, and that explains the paper's rapid growth and wonderful popularity. That's right, boys. Do it some more. Keep it up. It tickles me plum to the holler.

DIDN'T PRINT ENOUGH.

And so, by George, I had awful bad luck about the September issue of The Fool-Killer. It was this way: I made a rough guess at how many copies I would need to supply my list of subscribers, and decided that 15,000 would be a big plenty. So I printed 15,000 copies and tore up the forms, thinking I wouldn't need them any more. But, by grannies, the new subs had been coming in faster than I thought, and so it turned out that I didn't have near papers enough to fill the list. But the forms had been torn up and the type thrown back, so it was impossible to print any more. Several hundred subscribers who ought to have had the September issue didn't get it, and I have had calls for thousands of sample copies that cannot be supplied.

Dog my cats if I don't print enough this time to supply everybody that wants the fool thing, and a few extra to put away for future reference. If you can put some sample copies into real good hands, let me know how many you want.

A Feller and a Wench.

Ye gods and sour apples!
Rawhead and Bloody-Bones!
And what next?

It did seem to me that Fashion had about gone to seed when it was announced some time ago that the fast and furious female fops of swell sawsiety had gone to pasturing their calves in sox. I couldn't imagine what fool caper they would try to cut next.

But shucks!

A-body might as well try to halter a wild bull with a sewing thread as to try to head off that bow-legged old beast you call Fashion.

The sock fad is still all the rage, of course, but with some variations.

Plain, ordinary sox were not enough to keep fashion's fat calves in the limelight, and they have therefore blossomed out in one white sock and one black one.

Tee-hee-hee!
Doggon!
My-y-y-o!
A white sock and a black one!

One leg dressed for a funeral and the other for a Sunday School picnic.

Get a crowd like that together in a room, lock the door and turn a mouse loose, and it would look like running day and night thru a moving picture machine.

What is your head good for?

Skiddoo, Mister Statesman!

Read the story of the ages,
Written through the grinding years,
And you'll find the statesman's wages
Always wet with toiler's tears.

When have noisy statesmen aided
In the drying of men's eyes?
All they've ever done has faded—
All was promises and lies.

MY WORKING SCHEDULE.

If anybody thinks it's a small job, or an easy job, to get out an issue of The Fool-Killer, I'd just like for that mister man to try it one pop.

Just to give you an idea—here is about the way my time is spent:

First and foremost, I put in about four days "grinding out copy"—thinking up and writing the "hot stuff" that it takes to fill an issue. That job is sorter like milking an old cow. Every month I milk out all the thoughts my old brain will give down, but by next milking time there's some more ready.

After the "copy" is prepared, I then go to the type-case and put in about four more days "sticking type."

Then I "make up the forms" and put them on the press.

Then I crank up the old gasoline engine and go to printing.

I stand by the press and feed in the sheets one at a time with my own hands. It takes about three days steady running to print an issue.

While the printing is going on I have some girls folding the paper ready for mailing.

As soon as I get done printing, I grab my pen and help write the names from the books onto the papers. At the same time some other hands are sealing them up as fast as they are written. Then I help to classify everything by states, railroad routes, post-offices, etc., and label each sack or bundle for its destination. All this takes about six days.

Then I take the forms off the press and help "throw back" the type. This takes about two days.

There's nineteen days already used up out of the twenty-six working days in a month. But I ain't done yet.

Next I pitch into my piled-up correspondence; write letters; answer inquiries and complaints; go over the month's accounts; settle bills; get off orders for paper and other supplies for next issue. That takes at least three days.

Then I get out and go to the mill and the store, get up some wood and feed stuff, and do a few other odd jobs about the house. This out-door knocking-around constitutes a sort of breathing-spell before I pitch into the next issue.

Yes, boys, it's hard work, but I like it, and if you fellers will just keep on shoveling in the subs, I'll do the rest. Whoop! Hooray! All together, everybody!

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Swaller This, You Grand Rascal.

Our capitalistic bosses stick out their big bellies, puff their cigars and very solemnly inform us that "the Socialists are a gang of dissatisfied sore-heads, kickers and disturbers." It must be a terrible crime to be dissatisfied. You must let some pot-gutted son-of-a-gun go through your pockets, knock you down and run over you, but you must not kick. If you raise any objection to being mistreated, you will "disturb" the big rascals, and, worst of all, you will be a "Socialist." Oh, my!

I wonder how long the money lords would stand for such treatment as the poor laborers have borne through all these years? I wonder if they wouldn't get "dissatisfied" and do some "kicking" and "disturbing?" You bet your Sunday sox they would. But as long as they are on top it is a great crime for the under dog to howl. And yet if these same plutes were in the under dog's place they would howl just as big as he does. And they know it, too, confound their lazy, good-for-nothing hides.

Socialists are accused of wanting to "divide up" the wealth of the world. That's a lie. This "dividing up" business has been going on too durned long already, and we want to stop it. We want the feller who produces the wealth to keep it. Anything wrong about that?

"The chief reason why The Fool-Killer has such a small circulation is because everybody thinks his neighbor is the man who ought to take it."—The Liberator.

Say, Scarboro, where did you get your information about The Fool-Killer's circulation? How would you like to compare lists? I am printing 20,000 copies this issue. How many copies do you print? 'Fess up, now.

The "Bright Side"—Thunder!

Yes, beloved, I would like awful well to be an optimist and look at everything through rose-tinted glasses.

That would be mighty nice.

When I see this old sin-spattered world plunging on toward hell at a break-neck speed, I would like to think that my eyes are fooling me.

When I see men and women drunken with sinful dissipations and blind as a bat to the awful gulf of destruction that yawns beneath them, I would like to wake up and find it only a dream.

When I see thousands of human beings dying of hunger and neglect right under the noses of those who have plenty and to spare—I would like to wave my hand and say, "Oh, well, that's all right!"

But confound it, it ain't right, and I'm not a big enough blamed hypocrite to pretend that it is. These awful conditions DO exist, and all your flowery excuses can't change the fact.

But some people who happen to have enough for themselves would like to shut their eyes, fold their arms, and "make believe" that everybody else is in the same happy condition.

Gentlemen, it won't work, and don't you fool yourselves nary minute thinking it will. You've just got to open your eyes and face the facts. If you ain't willing to do that, you are a blamed coward as well as a sneaking hypocrite.

Wake up, you sleepy-headed son-of-a-gun! Get your eyes open! Crawl down off that flowery bed of ease and try your tender trotters on the rocky road that poor men have to travel. Try it just one week, and I'll bet a dollar in Lincoln pennies against a quart of wormy chestnuts that you won't be such a torn-down, bat-blind "optimist" any more.

Law, yes, honey, I like to look on the "bright side" just as well as anybody else. But when there ain't no bright side to look on, what in the Old Scratch is a feller to do?

Did you ever think any?

Something the People Want.

The Fool Killer started from nothing—started with no money and no friends—and of course there was some doubt in my mind as to how it would "take."

That doubt no longer exists. The little old sassy thing has already established itself and become a fixture in American journalism. Thousands of people all over the United States are eagerly counting the days and waiting for The Fool-Killer to arrive. I have suddenly begun to realize that I have created something that the people want.

But still I can't lie down and go to sleep and expect the paper to go galloping on. Millions of people have never heard of The Fool-Killer, and, as Paul says, "How can they hear without a preacher?"

Those who already get the paper must tell those who don't get it, and thus the good news will continue to spread. Tell the people that there is a fellow at Moravian Falls, North Carolina, who is handing out God's unadulterated truth in chunks big enough to knock a mule down. Tell 'em to send and get a chunk.

If you will take a copy of Webster's Dictionary and chop it up fine with a feed-cutter, and then spread the stuff out on a plank and try to read it, you can get as much sense out of it as you can out of the ordinary "legal paper" fixed up by a gang of lawyers.

"Why not divide with the men who make the success possible?" inquires one of our great metropolitan journals. Um-h'm! That would be some help. But what I want to know is this: Why must the men who do all the work divide with the darned loafers who do nothing?

Up North, in that miserable mess they call "society" the sap-headed young shemales are not allowed to rang-tang among the swell set until a certain age, when they must have their "coming out spell." The term "coming out" is supposed to mean that they are coming out into society, but those who have seen it say it looks more like they are coming out of their clothes.

NEXT ISSUE.

The November Fool-Killer will be about the richest issue ever sent out. Besides the general run of hot stuff that I always give you, I've got a number of red-hot special articles on hand that will take all the hair and about half the hide. Don't miss 'em.

I Reckon It's Right.

I've wondered much at the way things go
In this old wobbly world below,
Where the man who toils from day to day
Has lots more debts than he can pay—
Always in a poverty-stricken plight—
But I reckon it's right.

It seems so strange when we recall
That the man who does no work at all
Is the very chap who dresses fine
And goes to the best hotel to dine,
And gets his choice of all in sight—
But I reckon it's right.

The poor old dirty son-of-a-gun
Who digs in the mine from sun to sun
Can't claim enough of the yellow dross
To pay his cruel and heartless boss
For a decent place to spend the night—
But I reckon it's right.

I don't think God, in His heavenly plan,
Intended to rob the laboring man,
And give the wealth his hands produce
To the non-producing idler's use;
But they've improved God's plans a sight—
And I reckon it's right.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

What Color Is Your Blood?

What color is your blood, mister?

You don't know?

Well, suppose you cut your finger and see.

There are two kinds of blood in this country.

One is "Blue Blood."

And the other is just common red blood.

All the rotten rich rapscallions have "blue blood."

The common poor devil has to worry along through life with the old cheap red stuff playing leap-frog in his veins.

Money changes the color of the blood.

Strange, but true.

I know dozens of men who used to be poor, and they wore red blood in their veins. But they happened to get some money, and the color of their blood was at once changed.

Blue-blooded people are too good to work, and they are too fine for common white people to associate with.

All they are fit for is to splurge around in automobiles and make fun of the people they stole their money from.

It is the red blood that does all the work of the the world, and the blue blood dikes out in its finery and enjoys the blessings that labor produces.

Blue blood was never known to create anything useful or do anything respectable.

And again I repeat:

What color is your blood?

HYPOCRITICAL CHURCHANITY.

Some people are still wondering why so many Socialists appear to be lined up against the church. I puzzled over that problem a long time before I got it fixed. But now it's all as plain to me as a berry stain on a white apron.

In the very nature of the case, the Socialist is the poor hard-working man—the wage-slave—the under dog. He has been oppressed and kicked around over the world until he is naturally sore and blue. One day he sits down in his bare shack, among his ragged, hungry family, and begins to think. And he reasons like this:

"Just over the hill yonder is a fine church which cost many thousands of dollars. It has a pipe organ, a paid choir and a high-priced preacher. The preacher wears a long coat, a high silk hat, and is very dignified. The congregation is made up of the rich class—those who get their wealth by speculating on the poor man's labor. They can dress fine, because we poor ragged slaves foot the bill. When these richly dressed people enter the church the ushers bow and smile and lead them to a cushioned pew up in front. If I and my poor family put on our frayed and faded best rags and venture into that fine church, we are either ignored or met with an icy stare that tells us plainer than words that we are not wanted. And yet these fine, rich, aristocratic Christians (?) pretend to be worshipping the humble Christ who had not a place to lay His head. Powerful good Christians! Awfully devoted to their church! They preach, pray and sing—and do everything in grand, hifalutin style. They bask in the sunshine of a well-fed and self-satisfied churchanity, entirely unmindful of the fact that almost in the shadow of their church dozens of poor, neglected families are ragged, hungry and cold. They don't want to know anything about these things, because it is pleasanter to "worship God" on a cushioned pew and a full stomach and let the poor scratch for themselves. What is there in that kind of "Christianity" to appeal to a poor hard-working wage-slave? Absolutely nothing. These high-flying, self-righteous, kid-glove "Christians" are all a pack of infernal hypocrites, and their pretended "worship of God" is an empty mockery—a shame and disgrace."

Now, mister, don't you fly off the handle and condemn the poor fellow who reasons it out like that. Dog my cats if he ain't got good grounds for looking at it just that way. Maybe you are one of the more fortunate class. Maybe you don't look at life from the same angle he does, and maybe things look rosy enough to you. But you just go down to that fellow's shack and put yourself in his place. Let yourself be kicked and buffeted around for ten or fifteen years, with your lot growing steadily harder and no prospect of relief—and see if you don't set up a howl, too. Just try it once, I say, and if you don't come out of that trial a howling Socialist and a hater of hypocritical churchanity, I'll eat my old hat.

Would You Like to Have the Moon?

Great spotted lizzards, horned toads and catfish with ingrowing toenails! Put your imagination in the ice-box, feed the pig and let's run away. But before we go, just let me hand you this direct from the gabby-gash of William J. Bryan:

"Wilson and Marshall will carry every State in the Union. I don't concede a single State to Taft or to Roosevelt."

Aw, Bill, you bite a hog! I don't believe my own lies, much less yours. And you don't believe it, either, you old bald-headed bundle of bosh. Your old Wooden thing may squeeze through into the White House, but it won't be any landslide. Old Possum Grin is going to get a few votes, and old Big Tooth is going to get a whole doggon raft of 'em. And that other Common Plug whose initials are Eugene Debs—he is going to get a few votes, too, and don't you forget it.

I say, Bill, you must be the doggondest craziest fool that ever was allowed to run loose if you did actually handle the above gab. Didn't you predict three different times that a man named Bryan would sweep the country? Did he sweep it? Not that anybody knows of. Are you any better political prognosticator now than you was then?

And if your prophecy comes true, what will your little Wooden god do? Fall flat down on his drotted belly and do whatever Big Biz commands, just like Goggle-Eye or Possum-Face would do if they should happen to win.

Hang-take it all, why not just hand over our little mite to the money sharks and save them all this trouble? They're determined to have it anyhow, and so what's the difference?

Send in that club, quick.

The Ten Commandments Revised.

And Mammon spake all these words, saying, "I am the only god that the big bugs of the present day are willing to worship; therefore I give unto my slaves the following commandments:

1. Thou shalt not waste any time worshipping the true God, as thou art too busy making goo-goo eyes at me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, except such as thou makest upon the face of a dollar. Thou mayest put the image of a man or woman upon money and worship it to thy heart's content. For I, Mammon, am a lavish God, visiting the wealth of the fathers upon the children to the second and third generation. By that time they have blowed it all in.

3. Thou mayest cuss a blue streak if thou wantest to, for a man can't prosper in business unless he is a good cusser.

4. Remember election day, and vote for anything the millionaires want.

5. Seven days shalt thou work, and part of the nights, if necessary. Thou shalt not rest, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy hired man, nor thy cook, nor thy cattle, nor thy horses, nor the book agent that stoppeth in to spend the night; for the trusts and corporations are hungry and must be fed from the hands of labor.

6. Thou shalt not kill a rich man, especially if thou thyself art poor; but if thou art rich and standest high in society, thou mayest kill a poor man or a nigger and thou shalt not be hurt for it.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless thou gettest tired of thy own wife and seest another that lookest good to thee. Then if thou art discoverd and the case comes into court, lay all the blame on the woman like old man Adam did.

8. Thou shalt not steal, unless thou gettest a chance. The safest way to steal is to own stock in trusts and railroads. Rockefeller, Morgan and Guggenheim can put you onto the racket.

9. Thou shalt not tell the truth if thou canst think up any kind of a lie. The truth is what hurts; therefore if one lie gets thee into trouble, tell another and get out. That's business.

10. If thou desirest to be "in the swim," covet everything thy neighbor has—and then bust thy belly-band trying to get it.

A western preacher pokes up his head and wants to know if a gentleman will tell a lie for a dime. I wonder if that's all he charges?

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1912. NO. 9.

DREAMING OF GROVER.

Oh, the lies are all told and the votes are all cast,
And the bosses' sham-battle is over;
The Dimmycrat rooster is crowing at last,
And I'm dreaming tonight of old Grover.

When I think of the years of Republican graft,
And the way that the poor have been treated,
I rejoice in the fall of the kingdom of Taft,
And I'm glad that his gang was defeated.

But thunder and lightning! Why should we be glad?
And how will our burdens be lesser?
We're only exchanging the chains we have had
For the chains of a different oppressor.

We've been mighty hungry and hopeless and blue,
But now from the Dimmycrat grafter
We will get a few rags and a meat-skin or two,
And the promise of heaven hereafter.

Now heaven, no doubt, is a good place to go
When the battles of life are all over;
But it's hell for the poor man that lives here below,
So I'm dreaming tonight of old Grover.

"Uncertain as Hell."

I often hear some of the limber-tongued, linguistic lollipops remarking that so-and-so is "as uncertain as hell." Now look here, you shallow-brained, course-mouthed, rotten-hearted lump of mortal mud, do you have any idea how uncertain hell is? Life, and friends, and money, and a great many other things may be uncertain. Life is as full of uncertainties as a dog is of fleas. But if there is any truth in the old family Bible—and some of us are fools enough to believe there is—then it occurs to me that hell must be a reasonably sure thing. So if you snotty-nosed sinners don't want your fat fried in the devil's old skillet, you'd better watch out.

YES, I'M SOME PREACHER MYSELF.

A preacher is usually judged by the size of his audience, and if he can get four or five hundred of the brethern and sisteren out to hear him toot his gospel horn once or twice a month, he thinks he is a pretty bang-up preacher. And each member of the flock is expected to shell out a dollar or two about every so often to help grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper, no doubt, and I haven't a word to say against it; but what I started out to say is this: If a preacher is judged by the size of his audience, then I am some preacher myself, for I am preaching once a month to an audience of over 50,000 people. And I don't give them just one little sermon and quit, like the other preachers do, but I stay and preach six or eight good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the price! Your preacher thinks you are mighty stingy and close-fisted if you don't grease his pocket to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars a year, and he will not get mad if you double or treble the amount. But I give you more preaching and better preaching than he does for only 25 cents a year; and if you'll hitch up the wagon and bring several of your neighbors to meeting with you, you can all get your year's preaching for fifteen cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a bargain? I think not. There has never been so much good preaching offered so cheap before, and if you ever expect to get the cuckleburrs of sin curried out of your mane, now is the time. The currycomb of truth which I use will remove the burrs and also loosen up the bark on you old hidebound sinners. It may hurt considerably, and you may have to squirm and twist like five hundred, but it will be good for you. Delay is dangerous, so don't put it off, but buy your ticket to-day for a year's admittance into "The Fool-Killer" church and tell all your neighbors to do likewise. Help me to get the biggest congregation of any preacher that has ever opened his mouth between the two oceans.

Full as a Tick.

Lord Wilson, I long to be perfectly fat;
I want to come in there and hang up my hat;
Invite me to dinner, and do it right quick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a tick.

Here let no infernal Republican dwell,
And don't give the Teddyites nary a smell;
To get this good eating thy feet I would lick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a tick.

Lord Wilson, look here how imploring I come,
And help me to lengthen my belly-band some;
I've fasted so long I am nervous and sick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a tick.

A SERMON ON RAT-TRAPS.

The Public Health Service at Washington is making an official collection of rat-traps.

So says a news item.

All right.

It does me good to see our solemn statesmen taking an interest in rat-traps.

They already have on hand a collection of several hundred and sixteen varieties, ranging in appearance all the way from a McCormick reaper to a left-handed thimble.

And that reminds me.

I am the sole owner of a rat-trap that ought to be in the government's collection.

I bought it from an agent last week.

The agent was a very beautiful young man.

His smile stuck out three feet on each side of his face, and he also had his tongue with him.

This altogether charming young buck came staving into my think-atorium one morning last week, throwed "Howdy!" at me from the front steps, but I dodged and it broke out a back window.

Then he opened his sample-case and began to run off at the mouth as follows:

"Hello, Mister Editor Man, doggon your old skin, I've just dropped in to sell you a rat-trap. Every well-ordered home needs a rat-trap, and I feel that I am doing humanity a great service by introducing this wonderful invention. Of course you are awful busy swatting the fools, but you can't afford to miss this opportunity of seeing my sample. It is certainly the greatest invention of the age. You see how the flabigator is built with a gollyding at each end, and when these gollydings come in slamification with the jiggerbob it causes the squeezemgood to open just under the meat-skin, and that forces the squeal-stick into the die-hole, and if the rat has sense enough to be in the right position it will sure get him.

"The construction of this trap is based on the new theory of science that all rats have a thorough knowledge of engineering and mechanics, coupled with the patience of Job and a stubborn determination to get killed. This, my dear sir, is what we call the Safety rat-trap. It won't work at all without the hearty co-operation of the rat. The surest way to get results is to have three rats work together, forming a sort of suicide club. One rat will say his prayers and crawl into the thing; a second rat will give the signal and a third rat will throw the trap. In this way a colony of rats could manage to exterminate themselves by working at it long enough. While this is the surest plan, I am also authorized to state that any rat possessing the intellect of Herbert Spencer or Thomas A. Edison, and being positively bent on suicide, could probably manage to get himself killed in one of these contrapshuns."

"What will you charge to confer this great blessing on me and my posterity?" I asked in breathless eagerness.

"Only one hundred dollars," he replied, very sweetly.

I grabbed my pen and wrote him a check for five hundred, and, thrusting it into his hands, I kissed him and very affectionately kicked him out into the road.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

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J. L. PEARSON, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1912.
J. R. PARLIER, J. P.
My commission expires April, 1913.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Soup, soup, soup!

Save up the meat-skins.

Well, it's over, anyhow.

I can stand it if the rest can.

Debs kept the flies off of 'em.

And Taft—oh, where was he?

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Wonder if the Taft smile is still on?

It has been bad, but it will now be wusser.

Let's see—wasn't there also a feller named Taft in the race?

New masters—but the same old slaves! Ah, that's the trouble.

Hunt up them old breeches and patch the gable ends. You'll need 'em now.

Now get your breath, Mister Voter. That's about all you'll ever get.

Wall Street will remain the capital of the nation for another four years.

Ah, bless your soul, buddy, it will take more than this to satisfy the people.

This will relieve the presidential chair to the extent of about 200 pounds, anyhow.

The "give-us-a-chance" crowd have got the "chance." Now watch 'em fall back'ards in it.

To say "President Woodrow Wilson" requires an operation of the mouth sorter like chawing a meat-skin.

The entire history of the campaign just closed can be written in these words—"A dickens of a racket and nothing done."

The devil rules Wall Street, and Wall Street rules the nation. So it looks a devil of a sight like the devil is the whole thing.

The poor man can now have the luxury of feeling a different foot on his neck. In other respects he is right kerdab where he has been all the time.

Hurry up, you hungry men, and get your noses in good working order. Miss Democracy is going to set some dinner out where you can smell it.

An exchange tells of the marriage of John Sard and Sallie Deans. Now shut your fool mouth—I knew you'd try to say something about their children being sardines.

This issue of The Fool-Killer was held back a few days in order to get the election news.

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

Have you seen the man you voted for since the election? Did he know you?

A politician is a man who needs his brains knocked out. But it would be a pity to spoil his coat-tail.

The Republican party is sick, but not dangerous. The blamed thing is too near dead to be dangerous any more.

Poor old Jim Sherman showed pretty good sense in dying when he did. I guess Big Bill wishes he had gone along with Jim.

Men today are living so fast that they only touch the earth at three places—the cradle, the dinner table and the grave.

Under Taft the working man has had to wear patched breeches, but under Wilson he won't even be able to get 'em patched.

Some men actually think the Lord waits for their prayer every morning in order to get pointers how to run the universe that day.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel-lo! I was about to say a bad word.

If Paris should send word over here that people must go in their shirt-tails this winter, it would be a sight to see the shirt-tails a-floppin'.

An exchange remarks that "there is honor among thieves." I don't believe a word of it. Thieves are nearly as bad as other people.

If you are fool enough to expect that Democracy is going to do anything for the poor man, your head certainly needs boring for the dry rattles.

Every big pot-gutted church member who has money to loan will take just as much usury as he can get. And yet his Bible pointedly forbids it. Say, Mister Awful-Good, where in the thunder do you keep your religion when you ain't using it?

Say, sucker, do you know who owns the Democratic party? Well, I'll tell ye. The identical same gang of money gods that own the Republican party. Years ago they bought up the whole durned outfit, and now it don't matter which party wins, they have done got it bought and paid for.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

One year ago this month The Fool-Killer had just about 4,000 paid-up yearly subscribers. To-day it has 16,000. At the same rate of growth it will have 64,000 this time next year. And there is really no reason why it can't have twice that number. It has already gone far enough to convince me that it can just as easily go to a million. Then why not?

Lemme tell ye, boys, what I've been thinking about. As long as I am into this business, and the prospects are good for it to literally cover the earth, I don't see any use in putting on the brakes and holding it back. I've got a fool notion that it would be funny to see the blamed thing "spread itself."

So this is just a little "day-dream" of what The Fool-Killer MAY amount to in the near future. It all rests with you comrades out on the "firing line." If you want the thing done, and will help just a little, the dream will come true.

Last March I installed a large power press—a C. B. Cottrell cylinder—and thought that would do my work for years, perhaps. But, bless your soul, I can see the Cottrell's finish already. It is a good press and does fine work, but its capacity is limited. It cannot possibly do the printing for another year if the paper continues to grow as it has been doing.

The next press I buy will be one of these monster web perfecting presses which take the paper from a roll and print, cut and fold several thousand complete papers every hour.

With a press like that I would enlarge The Fool-Killer to 16 pages and take enough good clean ads to help pay for the new machinery and offset the extra expense for paper, etc. If possible I would let the price remain the same as at present—fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more. A sixteen page paper, gotten up in "Fool-Killer" style and loaded to the muzzle with hot truck, for only fifteen cents a year—just think of it! Why, the subs would roll in so fast it would make a-body's head swim. I would also have to put in the very latest and best mailing machinery in order to handle such a large list of subscribers.

Now, boys, if you really want to see The Fool-Killer "spread itself," let me tell you what you do. You stir out among your friends and acquaintances and hustle up a club of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or as many more as you can, at fifteen cents each, and send them in at once. Say, fellers, do you know how easy it would be for you all to help me buy that new machinery and enlarge the paper? I'll tell ye. If each and every one of you 16,000 subscribers will just take the time to send in one club of five within the next week or so, I can buy $12,000 worth of machinery and pay every cent of it cash down. Surely you can every one do that much for the sake of seeing The Fool-Killer blossom out into a great fighting-machine for the down-trodden masses. For let me tell you right now that every lick I strike is going to make Plutocracy's shirt-tail hunt the moon.

Now you have the "dream." Do you want it to come true? I do. And I am positively expecting it to come true inside of the next twelve months. But what's the use to wait twelve months? With one big, united effort, we can do it NOW!

Pass Your Plate.

All hail the power of Wilson's name!
Let Demmies prostrate fall!
Bring forth the White House diadem
And crown him boss of all.

Ye chosen seed that Bryan led
To many an awful fall,
Hail him who outran Taft and Ted,
And crown him boss of all.

Let every Democratic tribe
In these United States
To him all blessed pie ascribe,
And pass their empty plates.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING.

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a-bug-huntin'. Well, you'll see. During my thirty years of knocking about here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods-box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy paste-boards that look like they had been used for shipping-tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed and God-forsaken card player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in at is a nut I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a full hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammas" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-hosses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter for the young bucks to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

How can a man swear eternal allegiance to two powers that are positively and directly opposed to each other? In other words, how can a man be a citizen of the United States and a Roman Catholic at the same time? Just listen what a silence.

If the Pope of Rome has power to forgive sins, he certainly ought to be able to cure his own little bodily ailments. But he can't. Rub that under your hat-band.

SICK 'IM, SAMBO!

Being a white man, I don't aim to nasty my hands with the miserable wretch, but if I was a nigger there's just one thing certain—I'd go down to Marlin, Texas, and mess up somebody's plantation with the scattered remains of a buddy who calls himself E. H. Good.

This awful Good sort of a feller has broke into print with a mess of dope that caps anything I've seen yet. He takes a nigger in one hand and a Bible in the other and tries to prove that the nigger is the "beast of the field" spoken of in the Bible. He rears back on his Good-Devil dignity and vehemently declares that the nigger is nothing but a two-legged animal—a member of the brute creation; that he has no soul and is not a human being.

According to Mr. Good-in-his-own-estimation it is no more harm to kill a nigger than it is to kill a hog. That is the substance of what he says in a long-winded spasm printed in the current number of K. Lamity's Harpoon.

Now Mister Ladies and honorable white folks, please understand that these remarks ain't intended to be any great flowery tribute to the nigger race. Fact is, I never had much use for a nigger except in a nigger's place. I know it is true that some niggers are beasts, and the same thing is true of some white men. In simple justice to the black race it should be said that they are not all beasts. A nigger who behaves himself, attends to his own business and stays in his proper place should not be cussed and abused just because his skin is black. But if you could hammer it into his wooly head that he is a mere "beast of the field" with no future to look out for, he would become dangerous indeed.

Such a doctrine as old Goodikin tries to preach, if anybody was fool enough to believe it, would start a race war for certain. But nobody with brains enough to fill the holler of a gnat's tooth is going to believe the old fool.

See 4th column of 2nd page.

BRASS-BAND HYPOCRITES.

No, no, Mister Smart Elick! If you think The Fool-Killer has ever said one word against the true religion—genuine Christianity—you'd better take your thinker to the blacksmith shop and have it cleaned out and repaired. The thing that this old sin-soaked earth needs most and has the least of is genuine old-fashioned, honest Christian religion—the kind that can take a low-down besotted wretch, a drunkard, a thief, a lawyer, a deacon, or even a congressman, and transform him into a decent critter. There used to be that kind of religion on earth, and I am convinced that there is a little remnant of it here yet, but it is so scarce that mighty few people ever get to see it in operation.

This fine fiddle-diddle sort of religion that is so popular and so plenty everywhere is worth about as much toward redeeming a world as a half-bushel of seed-ticks would be worth in making a family pie. The Fool-Killer does condemn the modern Mammonized churches for their hifalutin formality in which there is just about as much true Christianity as there is guts in a millstone.

If this world is ever lifted up and transformed into a decent world, the spirit of true Christianity must do it. There is no other power that can. But the churches of to-day are largely filled up with white-washed hypocrites who can kiss you on the lips and then turn and stab you in the back before you have time to wipe their nasty slobber off.

That kind of cattle are to blame for the great wave of unbelief that is sweeping over the earth. Those on the outside are not so much to blame for being doubters. They know very well that most of the so-called religion they see around them is a rank humbug, and they naturally conclude that it's all alike. From their worldly standpoint they are not able to see the difference.

If the churches of America would practice what they preach for just one week, can you guess what would happen? Why, bless your mortified gizzard, the red-eyed sinners would be as thick around the altar as tramps around a free lunch counter. There would be more dirty knees than you ever saw before, and enough tears of repentance shed to wash up all the ambear that the amen deacons have squirted over the floor.

Yes, sir, give us the genuine old-fashioned Christianity in great hunks—the more the better—but Lord deliver us from this modern man-made mongrel mess of moral mush dished out by a bunch of brass-band hypocrites.

A SERMON ON BOOZE.

Hello, you red-nosed booze-artist, and all you fellows who whoop it up for Old Mr. Booze. Double up your hind leg and sit down on it and listen to your Uncle preach a few toots. Boys, I can preach against likker and do it with a clear conscience, because I practice what I preach. I am 33 years old and getting older every day, and I can truthfully say that not one drop of your infernal red-eye has ever had the privilege of gurgling down my dumplin-path. I don't have any idea how the nasty stuff tastes, and if it tastes half as bad as it makes some of you fellows act, I certainly have no desire to taste it. Some of you say it tastes good. Well, if it tasted ten thousand times better than honey and sugar and pound-cake and candy and kisses, I'll be dadswatted if I'd make an infernal nasty wallerin' wild beast of myself for the sake of any doggon taste. If the opening chapters of a jag are so sweet and soul-satisfying in the matter of taste, how about that taste that comes waddlin' along toward the shank end of the high lonesome? I have seen 'em come staggering home the morning after with a breath that would run a hungry dog off of a gut-wagon and a mouth that must have tasted like a buzzard-roost in hot weather. And yet just as soon as they get over the effect of one bender they go right back and tank up again—willing to repeat the whole beastly performance over and over and over just for the sake of a taste. Don't that jar your grand-mammy's pickles? But, oh, some red-snouted guzzler jumps up and says he don't like the taste of the stuff, but he likes the effect—it makes him feel good. Well, buddy, it must make you feel a thunderation sight better than it makes you look. For the sake of decency, if I were in your place, I'd be willing to whack off a few joints of my good feeling and tack it onto my looks. That would sorter even things up and make you more respectable.

Why, hang-take it, fellers, if I should ever be guilty of pouring my Caucasian hide full of rot-gut likker and cutting such shines as I've seen some of your gang cut I'd be ashamed to look a sheep-killing dog in the face any more. I honestly would. But the booze-artist—does he feel ashamed? Not on your auburn whiskers, Jeems Henry. If he ever had any sense of shame it has been consumed in the liquid fire that filters down his goozle. He can wallow in the gutter for a whole week, and then spruce up on Sunday and go to church and be the biggest duck in the puddle. He can drive along the road with his honey-gal and show her his full length photograph in the mud and never blush.

I have actually heard fellows brag about being drunk, and they seemed to think it was something to be proud of. Lord have mercy on their poor, miserable, mustard-seed souls! I just wish they could see themselves through the eyes of a decent sober man for about five minutes.

Now, listen, you old booze-barrels, you! If you are just hell-bent on being a hog anyhow, why in the name of sense don't you get down on your all-fours and pray God to give you forked hoofs so you can be a hog right?

Hogwallow News.

By Dunk Botts.

Slim Flinders says he cannot see how some roosters are able to be around much in the day time after having set up all night crowing.

The Dog Hill preacher had on another clean shirt last Sunday. Poke Eazley says he can't see how some folks can afford to dress so well.

Wash Hocks says it is perfectly natural for a person to turn over after he goes to bed at night, as the world does the same thing.

The horse doctor was called to Musket Ridge Wednesday night to see Frisby Hancock. He found that Frisby had a slight touch of lumbago and about a dollar.

Day before yesterday Sidney Hocks found a cow bell. With this good start he will likely go into the cattle business.

The train left Tickville Thursday morning for the north at a higher speed than usual, there being on board several letters that were marked, "In Haste."

The waters of Carrion Creek are still on the rise, and while no danger is yet reported, it is feared that this community will suffer a drouth after the water is all washed away.

Widow Winkle, having failed to find her other false teeth, had John Turkeytrot, the blacksmith, to make her a set of wooden ones.

No man has said meaner things about Roosevelt than old Henry Watterson. And then when the dastardly attempt was made to kill Roosevelt, old Henry was among the first to send him a telegram of "sympathy." The nerve of it! My, but wasn't that consistency with a brass handle to it? I'll swear old Watterson ought to be rolled up in a crum of corn bread and fed to a gander.

Mister Puff and Miss Slobber.

Old Man Time, as he jogs along, spills out of his leather apron many wonders.

I have seen a few.

But nothing caps the stack like the things that happen when an able-bodied case of forty-rod love gets breeches-holt on a couple of natural-born fools.

Sufficient proof that God is all-powerful is the fact that He can find mates for some folks that marry. Nothing short of Omnipotence could do it.

It was my luck, not long ago, to witness a scene that would make Cupid crawl in a hole and give Old Harry the blind staggers.

I saw a love-smitten pair present themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw-briers of matrimony.

The groom was about half drunk and staggered in puffing a cigarette that smelled like burning hog-hair in a skillet. His right breeches leg had a whelk running whompergodlin across it from the south-east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible when he sat down.

And the bride was one holy sight. Her face could not possibly have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She carried in her left hand a snuff-box that would hold something less than a gallon, while the gap in her face was decorated with two streaks of brown slobber and a handspike that did service as a tooth-brush.

Imagine that pair of purty things standing up in the presence of God and man and declaring that they loved each other! But they did it, all right.

Yes, they stood there side by side
While the knot was being tied;
That old stinker he did puff,
While she dipped that nasty snuff.

There they made their solemn vows
To indulge in family rows,
And to work at least enough
To buy cigarettes and snuff.

Now I'm satisfied in mind
It's a blessing Love is blind;
If he'd seen that pair, no doubt
He'd have spewed his innards out.

And the dignified J. P. arose and said:

"Mr. Cigarette, will you take this Toothbrush to be your awful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of mattery noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live? Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, amen, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls!"

Can you use some samples?

THE HAND OF ROME.

Everybody knows what I think of these wild-eyed fanatical fools who go staving around trying to kill folks. It is hardly necessary for me to say that the attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt was the low-down, sneaking act of a contemptible, cowardly brute.

But let us keep history straight. Let us place the assassin in the class where he belongs and not go around abusing people who are in no way to blame for his conduct.

You know it was first reported that John Schrank was a Socialist. The plutes just manufactured that lie and sent it broadcast in the hope of injuring the Socialist movement. But their little plan didn't work worth a cent. It soon leaked out that Schrank, instead of being a Socialist, was a Roman Catholic and a Democrat.

Oh, yes! A Roman Catholic! There you have it! That throws a whole flood of light on the situation. It is only another link in the great chain of Roman Catholic crime that stretches from Lincoln on down to the present. It must be more than a mere coincidence that Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt were all shot by Roman Catholics. Also you remember the shooting of the mayor of Chicago and the mayor of New York—both shot by Roman Catholics.

What does it all mean?

Simply this—that Romanism is the rankest enemy that free government ever had, and her life of open adultery with Mammon has been the prolific source of more ignorance and crime and misery than any other agency known.

The poor little squint-eyed Catholic crank who tried to kill Roosevelt is bound to have gotten his ideas and his inspiration from men like old Phelan, the Catholic priest who said: "To hell with the government of the United States!"

Now see here, Mister Reader! Here is another fact that I want to rub under your nose. If you've got sense enough to scare a mouse out of the meal-tub, you know that Socialism and Romanism are the bitterest of enemies. In fact, Socialism is about the only organized movement of any importance that undertakes to oppose the constant aggressions of the Romish heirarchy in this country. Those who are now too blind to see the danger will some day get their eyes open and thank the Socialist party for taking the lead in this movement against Romanism, the red-handed assassin of presidents and statesmen.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1912. NO. 10.

Let the Poor Devil Gum It.

A rich woman in Washington has had a gold filling put in her dog's tooth.—News item.

Oh, the dogs of the rich must have gold teeth,
To keep them up with the fashions,
So they can look down on folks beneath
As they chaw their high-priced rashions.

Oh, the road of fashion's a steep old trail,
And the dogs have reached the summit;
But whenever a poor man's grinders fail,
Why, just let the poor devil gum it.

Boo-Hoo! Another Dog Dead!

Say, Buddy, what are your personal opinions of a state of society in which a blamed wooly dog gets more care and attention than half of the children of the country? Think of a sick dog being attended by four physicions for three months, and then imagine its dead body, in a costly casket, being exhibited in the best room of a millionaire's home. And if that ain't enough, just imagine the same dead dog, in the same costly casket, being carried to the cemetery in a flower-covered hearse, followed by four carriages full of human mourners.

The above facts are reported by the Ass-ociated Press as a real happenstance which was pulled off before it got ripe in Cincinnati about three weeks ago. The late lamented pug dog was the property of Mrs. Harry Jackson, who is said to be utterly prostrated with grief over the death of her dearly beloved. Mrs. Jackson has spent many thousands of dollars for the care and comfort of that nasty dog, entirely unmindful of the fact that poor, neglected human children were crying for food and clothes all around her.

Oh, my tummy! Ain't it too bad that we can't all be long-haired pug-dogs and get slobbered over by the rich wimmen?

TWO STOCKINGS.

All kinds of kids have been taught to believe
In hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve;
And here's two pictures that I've just "took"
To show how the various stockings look:

I'll here present a photograph that possibly will make you laugh to see this stocking fat and round, in which so many things are found. Of course you all know very well the child that owns it must be swell; because a kid is always rich that gets big loads of toys and sich. You see how this-here leg is stretched with all the things old Santy fetched. It's great to be a rich man's child and live where luxuries are piled head-high around you every day, with nothing else to do but play. A rich old daddy to provide, while Santy comes in on the side and fills your Christmas stocking full because dad's rich and has a pull. Oh, yes, it surely would be bliss to get a stocking full like this.

And here's the stocking of the child upon whom wealth has never smiled. Old Santy never visits folks who labor under tyrant yokes. They can't fix up enough for him—that's why this stocking is so slim.

I don't think much of the gal who will sit up all night and swap slobber with a he-ape, and then lie back and sleep next morning while her mammy gets the breakfast. If any of you gals who read The Fool-Killer are guilty of this, go off and hang yourselves. You are no good.

BIG BILL'S LAST MESSAGE.

Well, by George, boys, I guess this is my last message to Congress for a few hundred years, at least. Since the election I have been studying the matter all over, and I have finally begun to suspicion that the American people don't want me to be president any more. If it ain't that I don't know what it is, because there must have been some kind of a hidden meaning in the way they sot down on me. I feel just like a big rat that had been flattened under a dead-fall with about forty tons of rock on top of it.

Confound it—I'd as soon take another licking as to write this message, but it's the custom and I reckon I'll have to come across with some sort of a speil. Say, Mister Congress, why couldn't you just do without ary message from me this time? You wouldn't take my advice if I gave you a car-load of it, and you won't accomplish nothing, nohow, only just set there and yow-yow all winter. Besides that, if you happen to pass ary good law, Willrow Woodson's new Congress will bob right up and repeal it. Looks to me like you Republicans in Congress might as well save your breath to run up hill, for there's a thunderation sight of up-hill business ahead of us Republicans.

Well, in the first place, my views on the presidency have undergone some radical charges here lately. For instance, you all know what kind of a shine I cut trying to get elected president for a second term. You know how I ran the steam roller over Ted and wrecked my party, all because I fully believed that one four-year term deserved another. But big men like Saint Paul and myself get converted mighty suddenly sometimes. Just as soon as the news came that I probably hadn't carried quite all the states, I suddenly remembered that place in the Bible where it says a man shall not hold the presidency more than one term. I was so doggon busy trying to get re-elected that I never once thought of that scripture during the campaign. But now it is a friend in need, acting on my wounded spirits like mutton taller on a sore toe. I therefore recommend that a law be passed limiting the president to one term of six years, and mash his impudent mouth if he asks for it any more.

I futher recommend a life-time government pension for ex-presidents, so that they won't have to peddle shoestrings or go to the poor-house in their old age. But hold on—that won't do. We'll have to put in there a qualifying phrase something like this: "Provided, That this law shall not apply to Theodore Roosevelt."

I ain't going to say nary word about the tariff, because it ain't no use. Just wait till next spring and you'll get your belly full of tariff legislation.

Trusts?—why, laws-a-massy me! Just wait. The new congress will give them a black eye, too.

Concerning the army and navy, I have been told that cracked wheat is mighty good feed to make hens lay.

I think all Republican postmasters who are forced out of office had better hide the stamps and money order funds so that the Democrats can't find them.

Now concerning the financial question, ain't it strange how a hoot-owl can see in the dark?

And in conclusion, gentlemen, I would suggest to your honorable body that it might be a good idea to set out some winter cabbages.

BIG BILL.

Just hold open the end of your imagination and pour this into it: The bray of the Congressional jassack is again heard in Washington. Now close it up again.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have chunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

We can't all be honest—somebody has got to go to Congress.

The devil's work-shop is never closed for a holiday.

Custom and precedent are big words, but courage is bigger than either.

Lungs are to law what gall is to a politician or a bellows to a blacksmith.

The grabbers from Grabville have grabbed about everything that is grabable.

Mister Hurry has been at work on the small things all his life, and he ain't got 'em done yet.

Frock, dress, gown—three names for the same garment—three steps in the evolution of fashion.

There would be fewer fools in the world if there were not so many wise men for them to laugh at.

Oscarunderwoodrowwilsonism is a pretty long word, but it ain't half as long as the panic it is liable to bring.

In every war that comes, Providence is accused of being on both sides. Wonder where John W. Devil comes in at?

Take away everything to growl at, and I reckon a world of happiness would be the mournfulest sight in creation.

If some folks ever get to be angels, I'll bet a dollar they will go right straight and sell their feathers to a millinery store.

When a woman talks like she had her mouth full of hot mush and was afraid to swaller—that's a sign she belongs to sawsiety.

A fool is only a fool by comparison—if we had an example of real wisdom to measure ourselves by we would all be fools.

If Senator Showout's wife had to wash dishes in as sorry a dress as Farmer Hamestring's wife wears to preaching, she would drop dead in her tracks.

Pass around a great truth on a flowered waiter, all buried in roses of rhetoric, and nobody will pay any attention to it. But you put the same truth in a sling-shot and knock folks down with it and I'll bet you five cents they take notice. That is The Fool-Killer's way of doing. If you don't like it you don't have to take it.

It used to be considered downright vulgar to say "Bull" in company, but that was before Toothadore Specksvelt came home from Africa with a settin' of new-party eggs in his political hamper-sack. Now even the Sunday School teacher can call her students together and actually say "Bull Moose" to them without blushing. How times have changed!

Gee Buck! They are giving us the taffy now. Yes, sir! The Democratic rooster has crowed a new song into my ear. He says that President Willrow Woodson is going to move the moon in order to make room up there for the poor man's wages—they are going to be so high, you know. And in the same breath he is going to chuck old Mister Hicostolivin into the cellar. Golly, boys, if our new Moses can turn that trick I move that we take log chains and tie him in the White House till he rots.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

Friends and comrades—you who are sending me a constant stream of good cheerful letters all loaded down with subscriptions, accompanied with nice money orders and checks,—I really don't know how to thank you enough for your kindness. You can't realize how bad I want to sit down and write each one of you a great long personal love-letter, but I positively can't get time to do it. I am working myself and two other hands in the office, and it keeps us all three kicking like five hundred to get the paper printed and mailed each month, and there is very little time left for letter writing. So let me say right here, to each and all, that I am profoundly thankful to you-all for your help and encouragement, and the only reason I don't acknowledge every letter with a personal reply is because I simply can't. It would take every minute of my time, and then some.

But I want to keep on getting your letters, money orders, checks, etc. I will try to have every name handled carefully, so that all will get the paper. Hurry and send along another clup.

In looking at these wasp-waisted sawsiety butterflies who wear belts that ain't big enough for a dog-collar, I always wonder how their fellers manage to hug 'em without breaking 'em in two.

WATCH THE FUR FLY!

In November I gave you my day-dream in regard to making The Fool-Killer "spread itself." Well, boys, she's a-spreading some. At this writing the subs are coming in at the rate of more than one hundred every day. Say, comrades, this is fine. It makes my nerves tingle with pure joy just to think what a great work you and I can do if we will only try. We are working together for a great cause, and success is right at the door. Throw up your hats! Yell! Work! And cover the earth with Fool-Killers. Just a few more weeks at the present gait and the web press and linotype machine will be in sight. Then a sixteen page paper and a million subs! A dream? No, by George, it's a glorious reality we are working for, and we are going to win.

Our enemies used to make fun of the little old Fool-Killer, but now they are making a different kind of noise. They are scared. And they are going to be scared wusser pretty quick.

The laboring masses of this country, regardless of party, are just now getting their eyes open to the skin-game that has been going on. They are kicking out of the old party traces and beginning to think with their heads. Yea, the sleeping lion is awake! Look out, ye generation of soft-snappers! Hunt your hiding places, for destruction is yelping at your heels.

Comrades, there has never been a time when people were so eager to read the truth—the bare-handed, flat-footed, unvarnished truth—the kind The Fool-Killer hands out in chunks big enough to knock a mule down. Keep a Fool-Killer in your pocket all the time; read it in every crowd; send in subs—and then watch the fur fly.

According to their "spiritual advisers," nearly every mut who is executed for murder goes as straight to heaven as a blue-bird going to its nest. Now if we are going to spend eternity in heaven with them devils for company, why in the thunder couldn't we put up with them here on earth for a few years? Talk about punishing a murderer! Dog my cats if it don't look to me like a reward instead of a punishment if heaven is the price we pay a man for committing murder. How does it look through your telescope, mister?

And so, by George, if your mouth is watering for a pension, the only thing in the world you need to do is to be an Ex-President.

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Them Heavenly Eggs.

A Russian scientist says it is only a matter of time when eggs will be made from the air.—News item.

When earth's last hen-house has faded,
And the pullets discouraged have died;
When the old rooster fails to awake us,
With his cackling harem by his side.

We shall sing and, faith, we shall profit,
Save gold for an auto or so,
When the hen-berries fall from the heavens,
And the price of eggs will be low.

And those who like eggs shall be happy;
They shall sit in the breakfast chair
And indulge in a golden omelet
Made out of the morning air.

And eggs will be better than ever,
Whether boiled or scrambled or fried,
And the farmer can go to the devil,
For the beautiful breeze will provide.

The Modern Child.

Born scientifically,
Studied terrifically,
Clothed very carefully,
Dieted sparefully,
Aired systematically,
Bathed most emphatically,
Played with quite drearily,
Punished Spencerially,
Sweet infantility,
Steeped in gentility,
Santa Claus banished,
Mother Goose vanished,
Where are the babies,
The real human babies,
The olden time knew?

Harnessed scholastically,
Drilled superdrastically,
Cultured prodigiously,
Lectured religiously,
Classifed rigidly,
Reasoned with frigidly,
Loved analytically,
Listened to critically,
Dosed with the "ologies,"
Rushed through the colleges,
Crammed pedagogically,
"Finished" most logically,
Where is the childhood,
The fresh, happy childhood,
The olden time knew?

Children successively
Reared thus aggressively,
Posing eternally,
Wearied infernally,
Planned for initially,
"Formed" artificially,
Will they submit to it?
Never cry "Quit" to it?
Will not analysis
Stop from paralysis
Till our distraction
Ends with reaction,
Brings back the childhood,
The bright, careless childhood,
The olden time knew?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Crap-Shooting.

A subscriber has asked me to write a Sermon on Crap-Shooting. All right, Buddy, with the greatest of pleasure. When it comes to talking about crap-shooting I am a whole team, including bridles and harness.

I was fotched up on the farm, and that's where I learned so much about crap-shooting. Now there are some craps, you understand, that don't shoot much. The corn crap is about the best shooter I can think of just at this writing, and I have been acquainted with some corn craps that were not very good marksmen.

When I was a boy they used to tell me it was dangerous to walk through a corn field about shooting time, and I remember, on a certain occasion, that our crap shot and missed the stalk. Looks like a crap that can't shoot better than that ought to give up its gun.

Well, Buddy, I suppose there may be a few other craps that do a little shooting, but they are not officially recognized, and so I am going to cut off this sermon's tail right close up behind its ears.

Just Practicing.

Law practice! Medical practice! Aw, thunder! Many lawyers and doctors boast of having a big "practice," and the dickens of it is that it is merely practice and nothing more. They do not know that a joker named it. Hang-take it all, why must these lawyers and doctors keep on "practicing" forever? Doggoned if I wouldn't get ashamed of myself and quit if I couldn't learn my piece well enough some time so that I could get down to real business and quit "practicing."

Somebody has sent me a copy of the Anti-Socialist Band-Saw, a new journalistic baby with its three-cornered clothing still on. After looking over the thing I am reminded of the old man who thought he saw a squirrel up a tree, but after firing at it several times he finally discovered that he had been shooting at a louse on his own eye-brow. I think the Band-Saw is shooting at a louse

The Insolence of Andy.

Andy Carnegie has come forward with another sensational stunt, being nothing more nor less than a proposal to pension Ex-Presidents of the United States in the sum of $25,000 a year.

The proposal is an insult to the American people which should not be permitted to pass unrebuked. If a man who has served this country as President shall be pensioned, the American people will pension him, without the aid of this selfish parvenu who has dishonestly thrived upon the honest labor of more worthy men.

If Carnegie really desires to expend his ill-gotten gains in philanthroic works, let him—instead of pensioning Presidents and imposing burdens upon the people in the upkeep of monuments to himself—let him feed the multitudes he has forced to go hungry; let him clothe and educate the thousands of orphans he has created by his inhuman exactions from their natural protectors, and let him return to the rightful owners their portion of the wealth they earned through long hours of toil, and in which he revels and seeks to play the role of Prince Bountiful.

A Whompergoddled Old World.

I can close my eyes just now and get a vision of a great city. I don't know its name—in fact, I suppose it isn't any particular city—but there is in it the typical life of every city. There is pride, fashion, gayety, and much money. There is the mad chase after what people call pleasure. There are the false and superficial standards of value, blostered up by a crazy commercialism that knows no reason.

The "society set," wherever you find it, is a pitiful aggregation. It always sneers at real merit and emphasizes the things that are least worth while. Thru the eyes of smug formalism everything is seen in a distorted shape and entirely out of proportion.

If there was a bank where good wishes could be cashed, it would need about five thousand cashiers through Christmas week.

Some More Idiotorials

It ain't no trouble to
when you have plent
omize with.

For every man who
out earning, some othe
got to earn without ge
can't rub that out.

Woody would have
votes than he did, only
sent-minded Democrat
Bryan from force of h

This is said to be a
good will. Aw, han
"good will." What we
ies want is good eatin
clothes.

Bring me a mouth ab
of a cellar door and a
as a three gallon jug,
turn you out a politic
minutes.

I know several boy
be certain to "make th
in the world, because
drotted mean and no-a
they never will learn t

The subs are rolling
Fool-Killer these day
men a-measuring app
right, boys—keep it
tickle my back and I'll
back.

Stick this paper in
and take it to the mil
and everywhere else y
you get in a crowd, ju
The Fool-Killer and
chapters.

Some Christmas d
year will cost $100,000
ers will be picked out
bage barrel along th
must make the gentle
to see His name so
abused.

"I find that this ea
becoming more and m
ly," declares old man
negie. Yes, blame-tal
it's mighty easy to e
meal and lie down on
and dream of angels
bows over seas of str
Heavenly? Gee-buck
Andy thinks heaven i
a colony of millionai
ty of slaves to wait o

At the recent me
North Carolina Press
they had me booked fo
After we had listened
ter speech until eve
tired and sleepy, the
rose and announced
tinguished editor of
Killer will now giv
dress." I got up and
"Ladies and gentlem
dress is Moravian F
Carolina. Good nigh

Jumping Up and Down.

The big folks have their dancing halls
where they kick up their heels,
And then the poor trash fall in line to
find out how it feels.
It has one name out on the farm,
another name it town,
But any place you see it done, it's
jumping up and down.
I'm just as fond of music as a feller
need to be,
Although there's certain kinds of
fuss that don't appeal to me:
A fuss that isn't music, neither funny
like a clown,
Is what a gang of fools produce by
jumping up and down.
A dozen gawky breeches-racks a-
galloping around,
The rip of many hobble-skirts a-adding to the sound;
It's all so very foolish, and all decent
folks should frown
Upon this wicked dancing stunt—this
jumping up and down.

POOR OLD BIBLE.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! They have fixed it at last. They have sure given the old Bible a black eye this time. For countless generations the Bible has been able to stand up against its enemies, but what it needs now is somebody to deliver it from its fool friends.

The following news item tells a most remarkable story. Put on your specks and read it:

"What is regarded as a most radical version of the Holy Bible was placed on sale in Philadelphia, Pa., November 13th, at the American Baptist Publication Society rooms. It is a Baptist Bible for Baptists only, and much of the old text has been entirely changed. Where it speaks of baptism the word "baptize" has been cut out and "immerse" substituted, so as to conform with Baptist teachings. The new Bible is called the "Improved Version," and is distinctly different from the old Scriptures. Practically no other church but the Baptist will be able to use it, as it interprets the Scriptures to mean solely what the Baptist church teaches."

Read that again. Then close your eyes and let the full force of it sink into your soul.

A Baptist Bible!

Well, I do say!

Now if Mister Baptist can wade into the Bible with his booger-hooks and yank out all the words that don't suit him and replace them with others, why in the gee-whiz can't other denominations do the same? Why can't Mister Methodist go to work and get him up a Bible containing the word "sprinkle" in reference to baptism?

Now that the Baptists have broken the ice, we may expect pretty soon to see all other denominations blossom out with Bibles of their own, containing just whatever fool doctrine they want it to contain. One gang of goodikins can't work that racket without giving all others the same privilege. And when they all get their books printed and scattered over the earth, won't we have one dickens of a mix-up? Well, I should hasten to smile! It will get so the Scriptures won't have any more meaning than the quack of a young duck, and before you tell what the Bible says you will have to tell whose Bible you are talking about.

Doggon! I guess we will just keep on getting smarter and smarter until we get so awful smart that God can't manage us, and then He will turn us all over to the devil in a pile.

Religion, and So Forth.

When I go to the big meeting and see half a dozen of the sisters get happy and go half-hammering around over the house, shaking their bustles and rats loose and beating the men in the back, I can't help wondering how long it will be before they will be out among the tattlers repeating some nasty lie about somebody.

If they've got the real article they won't do it. But the devil has got so much cheap imitation religion floating around these days that it pays a-body to keep their eyes open. The devil often has a finer label on his canned religion than the Lord has on His, but there's a big difference when you open the can. The people have been humbugged with the devil's religion so much that they are beginning to distrust the whole thing. It isn't right nor fair, but what are you going to do about it?

Hanged if there ain't something terribly out of joint about all this religion business, anyhow. I know plenty of old rich church members. They live in fine houses, and have money to throw at the birds, and they allow members of their own church to live right in their yards, almost, and suffer for food and clothing. And they wouldn't give them ten cents to save them from the hot place.

What's the matter?

Is it on account of the low-down dishonesty of the poor brother, or is it the infernal hoggishness of the rich brother? Or is it both? Why isn't there a more helpful and brotherly spirit existing among church members? Why? Why? And echo answers—Why?

All civilization bowls along on ball-bearings and rubber tires. The legal profession, a mile in the rear, jogs along in the same old jolt wagon of rusty precedent, and the whole outfit yelling like a pack of Indians. Oh, that some bold court would defy the Constitution and insist on rubber tires for all voices.

A TERRIBLE MIX-UP.

Every noted feller has a "double." Maybe the un-noted fellers have doubles, too, but they are never discovered. Now a feller's double, you know, is another feller so much like the other feller that you can't tell which the other feller is. And when them two fellers happen to meet for the first time it is worth while to be hanging around.

Woodrow Wilson's double lives (or did live) in Charlotte, N.C. I disremember his name, but that don't matter. The point is that the Charlotte feller paid freight on himself to Sea Girt, New Jersey, for the purpose of getting his name in the political pot.

Now you ought to have been standing there just like I was when them two fellers got their lamps on each other. They grabbed one another by the fist and begun to prance around there like they had found a mare's nest and couldn't count the eggs, and in about three shakes of a sheep's tail I couldn't tell t'other from which,

Well, Woodrow and his double just had a hee old time together for a few minutes, and then they stepped back and begun to look at each other sorter scared like. I saw at once what had happened. They had simply got mixed up so bad they couldn't tell t'other from which, nuther. It was plum pitiful to watch them stand there and try to pick themselves out. Finally they gave it up and went to the house to see what Mrs. Wilson could do about it. She looked them over and said one looked about as much alike as the other, if not more so. To save her life she could not tell which was the next president, but she guessed it would take 'em both to hold down the job.

At last they concluded to settle it by pitching a coin, and whichever got heads would be Woodrow. The coin rolled off the porch and the old rooster swallered it. Then they agreed that whichever could catch the rooster would be Woodrow. So off they went, lickity-split, while Mrs. Wilson stood on the porch hollered "Sick 'em." The old rooster riz and flew straight toward Bermuda. One of the pursuers gave it up and quit, but the other chartered a boat and went on. It happened to be the Charlotte feller that went on, although neither of them have the least idea yet which it was. I know the feller kotch the rooster, bekaze I hearn him squall. I guess Woodrow's double is busy picking rooster leg about now. As soon as he gets that rooster all eat up he will come back here and try his hand at the president business, while Woodrow will hang around

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